JOHN BULL, APRIL 20, 1940.
VOL. LXVII. 1766.

TWO BIG PRIZE OFFERS THIS WEEK

JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE

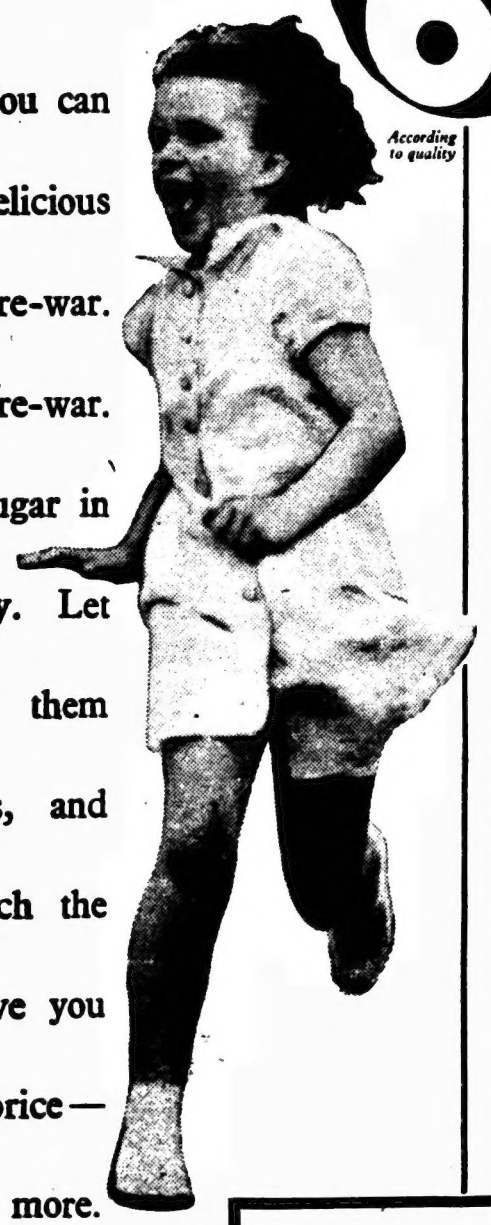
FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE

SULTANAS

are cheap...

FROM 6d. lb.

No need to cut down on sugar foods—You can get *extra* sugar from sultanas. And now delicious sultanas are plentiful—even more so than pre-war. And they are cheap—even cheaper than pre-war. Children love sweet dishes and the fruit sugar in sultanas is an *immediate* source of energy. Let sultanas save your sugar ration—use them generously in cakes, puddings, pastries, and in the excellent homely dishes for which the English housewife is famed. Sultanas give you extra *natural* sugar at a remarkably low price—they're now in the shops—buy more, use more.



According to quality

SULTANA BREAD

1lb. Self Raising Flour, ½ teaspoonful salt, 5 oz. sultanas, 2 oz. margarine, 1 oz. sugar, ½ pint milk and water mixed. Sift flour and salt into basin. Rub in fat. Add other dry ingredients and mix in milk. Bake in greased bread tin for about 1 hour.

CURRIED MINCED BEEF

1 lb. Minced Beef, 1 oz. dripping 1 tablespoon flour, 1 tablespoon curry powder, 1 onion sliced, 2 oz. sultanas, ½ pint stock, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, salt, 4 oz. cooked rice. Heat dripping in stewpan. Fry onion until brown, add meat, put in flour and curry powder, stir and cook for 1 minute, add lemon, sultanas and stock and stir until ingredients boil. Cover and simmer for 30 minutes.

BREAD & BUTTER PUDDING

5 or 6 thin slices of bread spread with margarine, about 1 pint milk, 1 egg, sultanas. Cut off the crust and divide each slice of bread into four, arrange in layers in greased pie dish. Sprinkle each layer lavishly with sultanas, beat egg, mix with milk and pour gently over the bread. Let it stand for 1 hour and then bake in moderately cool oven for 45-50 minutes.

SULTANAS FOR BREAKFAST

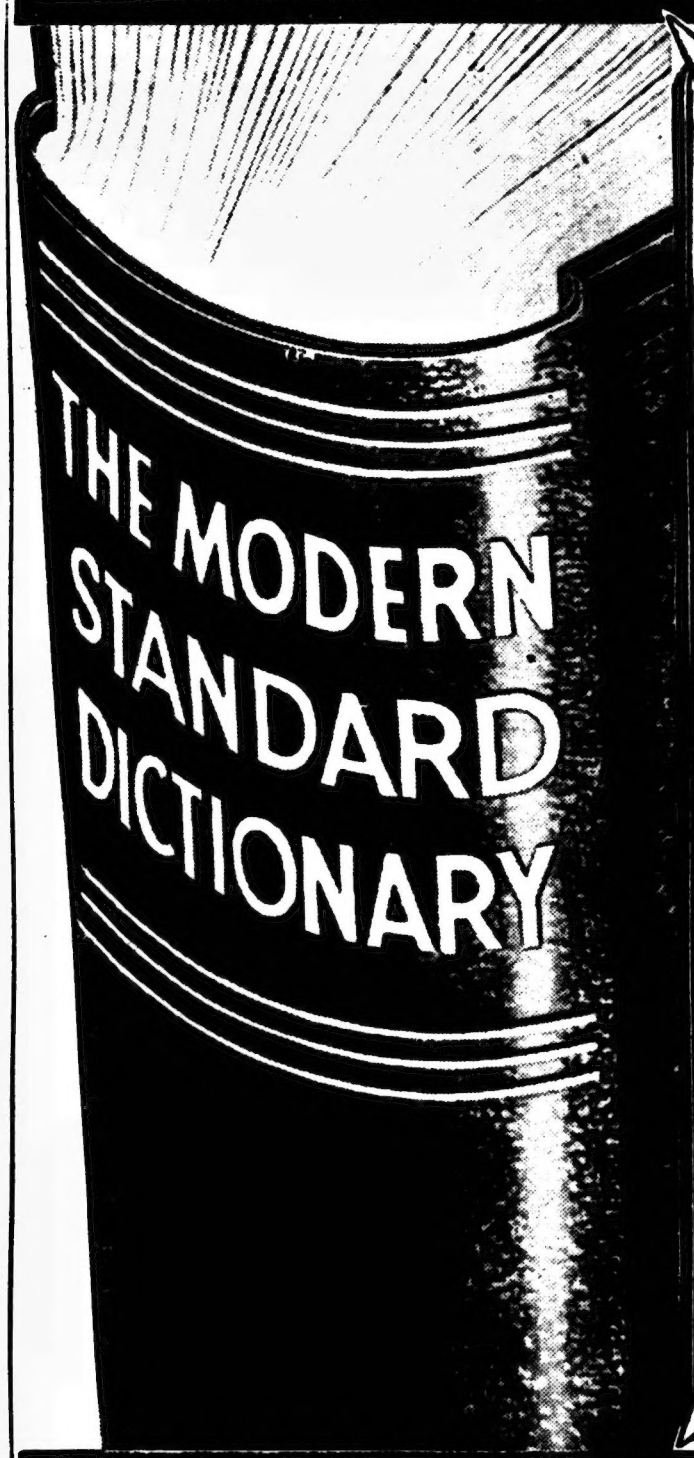
Take a handful of sultanas and soak them in cold water for half an hour. Strain, and add them to your breakfast cereal. As an alternative, sultanas alone with milk. Take care to wash them first.

FIGS *If you prefer figs to sultanas, try them chopped up in the recipes given above. Figs are one of the richest sugar foods. They are almost as plentiful as sultanas just now, and very economically priced.*

and plentiful

(23)

LAST CHANCE!



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Here is the lightest, most compact and easily accessible form ever known, in the English language. It has 640 pages—250,000 words—30,000 references—24 pages of illustrations. Just what you want to carry with you or keep in your office.

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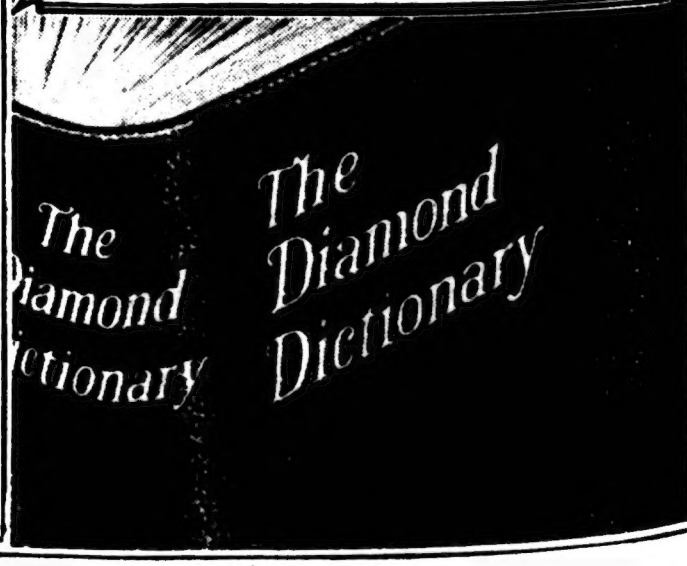

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"JOHN BULL"

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ADDRESS envelope exactly as shown below and post to :—
BOOK DEPT. J.L.2,
"JOHN BULL," 20, Earlham Street,
LONDON, W.C.2 (Prof.).

Please reserve in my name a copy of "THE MODERN STANDARD DICTIONARY" and send me a Privilege Invoice entitling me to the special Privilege Price. I enclose with this Form 3d. (Threepence) in stamps as Reservation Fee. This guarantees my Volume in my name. I have indicated edition desired. I understand that with my Dictionary you will also send me absolutely Free a pocket Diamond Dictionary.

IMPORTANT.

You must send with this Form and Label your Reservation Fee of 3d. (Threepence) IN LOOSE STAMPS. Fill in your Name and Full Postal Address in BLOCK LETTERS on Label and affix a ½d. (Halfpenny) stamp to space provided. Form and Label and 3d. in stamps MUST be posted in a sealed envelope bearing a three-halfpenny stamp.

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The last day for receipt of Reservations from this announcement is Tuesday, April 30. Offer applies only to Great Britain, Northern Ireland and Eire. "John Bull," 20/4/40

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BE YOUR OWN MASTER.

Soft Drapery Bargains at a fair profit. Silk Stockings, Men's Socks and Children's Wear. 1,000 Bargains. A.B.C. Guide Free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, 1, Thomas Street, Manchester.

DRAPERS.—80-pp. Illus. Spring Catalog. Post Free. Covers all Depts., also Boots and Shoes. Finest selection of perfect goods at keenest prices. Satis. guntd. Wholesale only.—Myers & Co. (L. & H.), Ltd. 7, Trinity St., Leeds, 1.

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SONGSTER GRAMOPHONE NEEDLES. Once used always used. Buy a box and prove for yourself. Loud, Medium and Soft, 200 for 8d. Bronze Pick-ups for Radios. 8d. per 100.—Manufacturers, J. Stead & Co., Ltd. Sheffield.

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WALLPAPER DIRECT. SEND for patterns post free from WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 52, TRINITY STREET, LEEDS.

WALLPAPERS direct from Mills. 250 patterns, post free.—OSBORNE MILLS. Dept. 8, Rochdale Road, Manchester 4.

HAVE YOU LOOKED AT

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW

ON PAGE 5

You will be sure to find the bargain you have been looking for, and since all offers are covered by the *John Bull* guarantee on this page you can order with confidence. GRAVES of SHEFFIELD offer a fine 4-v. Battery Superhet Radio Set for 10/6 monthly. VOSKMAR, LTD., send a free Booklet telling how the Hair can be made to wave naturally, without heat. Carpet Bargains are available from 9s. each, with free gift offer by F. HODGSON & SONS. An illustrated catalogue of Watches, Jewellery, Cutlery, etc., will be sent free to readers writing to H. SAMUEL, Ltd. These are but few of the interesting announcements appearing in

JOHN BULL'S SHOP WINDOW.

AGENCIES, CLUBS.

DO your friends own their own houses? If so, you can increase your income considerably by interesting them in an exceptionally attractive War Damage to Property Scheme. Agents, both whole and part time, are now being appointed. Please WRITE for details to: Agency Controller, SPRING GARDENS INDEMNITY TRUST, 19, Spring Gardens, Manchester, 2; or 4 7, Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

YOU will be able to earn more as spare-time agent for us. No risk no outlay; generous Commission and postages paid. See our announcement on page 5 and be sure to write to-night to BESSANTS, OF LEICESTER.

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AIRCRAFT DETAIL FITTERS

CAPABLE OF TOOL MAKING. ALSO EXPERIENCED TOOL-MAKERS. WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY FOR MEN WITH AMBITION. TOP RATE. PREMIUM BONUS AND OTHER ADVANTAGES.

BOX 2715, *JOHN BULL*, 57-59, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2.

WAR WORK.—Examiners, Viewers, Gaugers, Inspectors, etc. Both sexes wishing to take up this work should write for Free Booklet to B.I.E.T. (Dept. 862), 17, Stratford Place, W.1.

CIVIL Service. — Thousands of pensionable appointments made every year, ages 15-36. Our tuition fees from £4 4s. No extra charge for monthly payments. Full particulars free.—Dept. C.38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

TELEPHONY, RADIO & MOTOR ENGINEERING ARE EXPANDING RAPIDLY: there are lots of vacancies; our Postal Courses will make you eligible. advice on all careers free.—Dept. T.38, THE BENNETT COLLEGE, LTD., Sheffield.

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EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

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CIVIL SERVICE POSTS. Entry by Examination has now been suspended. Both sexes who wish for employment in the Civil Service should send for particulars of our War-Time Entrance Service and details of pay and duties in the various branches.—B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, W.1.

REPORTERS and Journalists Wanted all over the world. No apprenticeship. Our postal course is sufficient.—Dept. J.38 The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

POLICE RECRUITS WANTED for permanent, pensionable appointments in various Forces. Good physique important. — Write for Free Handbook to B.T.I. (Dept. 6C2), Oxford Street, W.1

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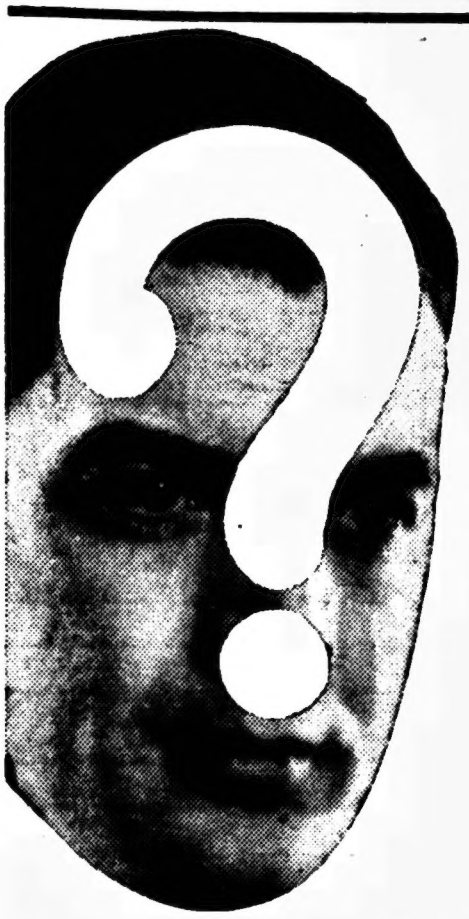

IS YOUR NOSE WORTH 6D.

IS it worth 6d. to be able to breathe freely?—able to taste?—able to smell?—to be free from continual Head Colds?—to be saved from the relentless grip of insidious Catarrh? Get a 6d. tin of 'Mentholatum' from your Chemist. Use this remarkable, penetrative, antiseptic, breathable salve as directed. In 30 seconds you will experience amazing relief and after a short treatment you will gain the upper hand over your Catarrh and Cold Troubles. Get your 6d. tin of 'Mentholatum' to-day—use some to-night—and feel better to-morrow. (Pronounce it MEN-THO-LAY-TUM.)

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BRAND BALM

Also sold in 1/3 jars and tubes, containing more than three times the 6d. size.
If you prefer, ask for the **LIQUID** form, price **1/3**, complete with dropper.

Stops the Attack or Money Back

NOW is your chance to get into a Skilled Key Position. Fatherly advice free. Mention what interests you. — Write, F.A. Dept. 38, The Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

SCHOOL ATTENDANCE OFFICERS. Reserved Occupations for men over 25. Excellent pay and prospects. No exp. reqd. For FREE details of openings, etc., apply, CHAMBERS COLLEGE (Dept. 819) 148, Holborn, E.C.1.

ENGINEERS, now is your chance to dig yourselves into a Key position; make your future solid. It needs Technical Training. We can give you that by post.—Full particulars free.—Dept. D.38, Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

MEN who can handle tools, Wood or Metal, Wanted as Teachers of Handicrafts in Boys' Day Schools. Our correspondence course will fit you for an appointment. Advice free.—Dept. E.38, Bennett College, Ltd., Sheffield.

TRACERS & DRAWING OFFICE ASSISTANTS reqd. urgently. Both sexes—all ages. Practical experience unnecessary. Those wishing to take up this well-paid work should apply immediately for Free Handbook to B.I.E.T. (Dept. 711), 17, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

FREE.—Special book entitled "The Science to Success," giving full details of the Pelman method. Many of the greatest leaders in varying spheres testify to the value of Pelmanism. The Pelman course is a tonic from the start and gives lasting power and infuses courage and confidence, which are essential attributes to human efficiency. As a special offer to all serving members of H.M. Forces, the Pelman course is offered to them at one-half the usual fee. Application should be made for special enrolment form (Services). Readers should get a copy of the book to-day. — Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Pelman Institute, 28, Pelman House, Bloomsbury St., London, W.C.1.

GARDENING.

THE LAWN will soon be in fit condition to cut. A special new garden scythe and easy-to-use mower sharpener are available. See the announcement by Wm. Penn, Ltd., on page 5.

BUSH ROSES.—Large stocks available, including all the best named selections, also fine standard roses and a free gift offer. See Rose Nurseries' advertisement on page 5.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

PERSONAL.

MEN, WOMEN PAST 40! FEEL YOUNG as ever. New Oystrax Brand Tonic Tablets contain raw oyster stimulants, vitamins, general invigorators. First dose starts new life, vigour, vital force, or maker refunds price. Introductory size, 1/9. For sale at all chemists and all branches Boots' Timothy White's and Taylor's.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE to sufferers from bad circulatory troubles and rheumatism. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to Elasto (Dept. 15F), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C., for free sample of Elasto and a copy of a special free booklet explaining the Elasto Treatment. Send now while you think of it.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs. Durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks' Appliance Co. Ltd. (540D), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

FREE. Send to-day for free 50-page booklet on how to gain new energy and strength. This is offered in the Vikelp announcement on page 31. All you need do is to send a postcard, mentioning *John Bull*, to Health Products Laboratories, Dept. J.B.4, 128/134, Baker Street, London, W.1.

FREE.—Send for a De Luxe Beauty Outfit of Powders and Skinfoods for both day and night use. Every woman reader can obtain one of these beauty outfits, which contains a special box of Poudre Tokalon and six samples of other shades, also Tokalon Skinfood Creams. Address: Tokalon, Ltd. (Dept. 222P), Chase Road, London, N.W.10. Enclose 2d in stamps to cover cost of postage, packing, etc.

FREE.—If you are run-down, lack energy, have a poor appetite, learn how you can gain new vigour by sending for a wonderful free booklet entitled "Iron Starvation, the Thief of Health and Strength." Write at once to the Iron Jelloid Co., Ltd. (Dept. J.97), Watford, Herts.

RUPTURED! Doctors, clergymen, gardeners—everyone is praising the Improved Pallant Ball and Socket Truss. Extremely light, yet immensely strong; no understraps, and no pressure on hips. So safe and comfortable that wearers can forget that they are ruptured.—Write or call, Blundens, Dept. 129G., 9, Oxford St., W.1.

FREE sample of 3 famous Toilet Preparations. Hurry, accept this unique offer of a free trial bottle of "Harlene" Hair Grower and Tonic, a free Cremex Shampoo, and a free bottle of Uson Brilliantine.—Write, mentioning *John Bull*, enclosing 4d. in stamps for postage and packing, to Edwards Harlene, Ltd. (H.927), 20/26, Lamb's Conduit St., London, W.C.1. Stamp your envelope with 1½d. stamp.

POULTRY-KEEPING.

EGGS WILL BE SCARCE AND DEAR this Autumn. In these times everyone should ensure for themselves and their families the vital nutrition provided by eggs. Keep your own fowls. The "Feathered World," on sale every Friday, gives you practical, helpful advice that will enable you to get full egg-baskets economically. Even if you are a small "backyard" poultry-keeper, don't miss the advice of "Feathered World"—out every Friday, twopence.

FREE ADVICE ON HOME POULTRY KEEPING.—Eggs are going to be scarce and dearer this autumn, and everyone should take steps to ensure an adequate supply of eggs—vital food for all the family. Learn how you can secure full egg baskets economically.—Apply at once for FREE BROCHURE to the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic, who will also send you full details of a remarkable money-saving scheme. Send a postcard at once to the Poultry Keepers' Advisory Bureau and Clinic (Dept. J.17), 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Pref.).

MISCELLANEOUS.

SKILL PUNCHBOARDS.
Pre-War prices. 56/9 profit on 5/3 board at 3d. per punch. Smpl. 300-hole board 3/9 & illus. cat.—BURDON HUNTER 36, Woodville Road, London, E.11

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

FREE! A complete guide to nourishing meals from present-day supplies. A book that solves your rationing problems. Send for a copy at once—it's free for the asking. Entitled "The Stork War-Time Cookery Book," it answers all the questions housewives want explained. Simply write, mentioning *John Bull*, to The Stork Co. (Dept. W.208), Unilever House, Blackfriars, E.C.4.

BY becoming efficient in your vocation you can give the best service to your country and to yourself. If you want to make progress and establish yourself in a good career, get the advice of Mr. Bennett, Governing Director of the famous Bennett College, Dept. 31, Sheffield. It may make a wonderful difference to your future.—Full particulars and free private advice will be sent on any subject.

A LOVELY gleaming pastry fork of Dorchester Silver-Plate ordinarily would cost you 2/-. If you are a Sylvan Flake user all you have to send is sixpence to cover postage and packing to Thomas Hedley & Co., Ltd., P.O. Box 88-3, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1, and one of these beautiful forks will be sent to you right away. Act quickly, because the supply is limited.

HOUSEWIVES AND COOKS.
DON'T overlook the announcement on the front cover of this issue. It contains a few recipes to help you in your daily planning of your menus. If you will use Sultanas you will save considerably on your sugar ration.

FREE booklet explains all about the world's finest wringer. Every home should have an Acme wringer—it takes all the toil out of wringing and mangling. Obtainable in portable, or, if you have more room, folding stand models. Take the first step. Write at once, mentioning *John Bull*, for free illustrated booklet D1—it is post free—to Acme Wringers, Ltd., David Street, Glasgow, S.E.

EVERY reader of *John Bull* should get a copy of an interesting illustrated booklet, "Travel in War-time," by H. V. Morton. With each copy will be sent the B.S.A. Catalogue explaining all about the new "streamlight" bicycle, which can be obtained for 10/- deposit and from 2/11 per week. The new B.S.A. "Streamlight" is designed to make life easier during these days of restricted transport. The model has 6 features unobtainable in any other cycle. Write, mentioning *John Bull*, to B.S.A. Cycles, 63, Armoury Road, Birmingham, 11.

OUT ON FRIDAY

THE WONDERFUL MAYTIME ISSUE OF

EVERYWOMAN

A TRIUMPH right from the start! Never has there been a success so spontaneous and so outstanding as the brilliant new "EVERYWOMAN." No. 1 was OUT OF PRINT IN A DAY! No. 2 was practically sold out IN ADVANCE! Why? Because "EVERYWOMAN" is NEW—daringly original and different—more practical and yet more entertaining—brighter and gayer than anything you've ever seen before!

And now—out next Friday—comes "EVERYWOMAN" No. 3 in a merry Maytime mood! Again it's a BIG 96-page issue! More sparkling and colourful than ever—it blossoms with happy Maytime ideas! YOU SIMPLY MUSTN'T MISS IT!

REMEMBER—each new number of "EVERYWOMAN" sells out more and more rapidly! Already hundreds of thousands of women have placed their Orders in advance for "EVERYWOMAN" No. 3! War-time restrictions mean that Newsagents' supplies are limited so—if you want to make sure of this important Springtime issue—away to the Newsagents and order your copy NOW.

A JUMPER SET IN YOUR SIZE
Our delightful "Best Knit"—a jumper set for holiday times in the colours of May blossom and blue skies! There are other knitteds, too!
GAY FASHIONS
for Brides and every girl who loves bridal beauty! First place goes to a graceful billowing dress to wear when you walk down the aisle—or into the ballroom!
SEE US AT HOME
in our Home Service Centre, where we've every equipment for testing all the new ideas. The Heart of the Home—we've designed three living-rooms in lovely colours!
A BRILLIANT FIRST NOVEL
You must read Fey as it Flies, by Lyn Arnold! You'll love the complete long story, too—especially Dorothy Black's comedy of the open road.
TRANSFORMING AN UGLY DUCKLING
Clare Vernon's Beauty Article shows how any ordinary girl can look a lovely lady! Send your beauty problems to her.
IS THERE A MAN ABOUT YOUR HOUSE?
If he's away—see in pictures how a woman can do the odd jobs! And Our Cookery Page will look good enough to eat!

EVERYWOMAN

MAY ISSUE OUT ON FRIDAY • SEVENPENCE

QUIETLY — efficiently — the A.R.P. workers set about their grim task—already the fire brigade are battling with the flames—ambulance men gently remove the wounded from the streets—decontamination and demolition squads commence to clear away the debris. . . .

The threat of sudden attack is ever present. Are you prepared? "John Bull" offers to every reader—

A FREE £200 AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY

Underwritten at Lloyd's

IN ADDITION "John Bull" provides comprehensive Household Benefits ranging up to £1,000, including protection against FIRE, STORM, FLOOD, BURGLARY, etc.

You cannot afford to delay in securing this DOUBLE protection which "John Bull" offers you FREE. Use Forms below NOW!

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JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address.....

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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature.....

Address.....

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Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 20/4/1940.

CUT HERE

POST THIS FORM TO
"John Bull," Registration Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....
Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address.....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

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Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 20/4/1940

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

"15 YEARS AND STILL GOING STRONG."

"The JOHN BULL Pen I write this letter with was bought by me over fifteen years ago, and it's still going strong. Many thanks for a very useful friend."

W. S., West Molesey.

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90 STANDARD TABLE SUPERHET. This all-wave mains superhet will get as extensive a range of stations as you could possibly want. Reception on short waves is of an unusually high standard. Simple tuning and keen sensitivity make the set easy to operate. The three wavebands are controlled by press buttons, and on short waves a "logging scale" enables a given station to be re-tuned accurately. The cabinet is highly polished with an all-silk front, except for the black bakelite escutcheon carrying the scales and controls.

Cash Prices : A.C. MAINS MODEL **£11**

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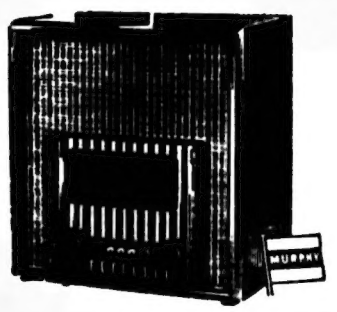

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C.B.C.341

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, April 20, 1940.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue
If England to itself do rest but true"

HITLER ROLLS DOWNHILL

ALL goes well. Slowly, the rapid events of the last few days are forming a clear picture to justify Churchill's boast.

Far bigger events are now shaping. And our strategic position is as encouraging as the victories we've already scored.

But it cannot be fully appreciated unless you know the reasons for Hitler's terrific gamble.

GOERING KEPT BUSY

Hitler himself decided on the Scandinavian invasion. Army leaders were not enthusiastic.

The whole conduct of the operations was therefore directed by Hitler and Goering.

The fat Field-Marshal was called into conference every other hour. This resulted in a serious difficulty.

His constant journeys through the glum-faced crowds to the Chancellery wasted time that he should have devoted to the control of the Nazi Air Force, which therefore failed to give 100 per cent. support to the troopships.

ECONOMIC TREMORS

Those ships had been ready since January.

Unexpectedly, it was Goering who led Hitler into the fatal decision to use them.

He reported that Germany's economic position was not only shaky but also was tottering into collapse.

URGENT NEEDS

At all costs, every ounce of Swedish iron ore must be obtained. British blockade was becoming increasingly effective.

The Polish campaign had used far more materials than Germany could afford. Equally vast quantities had to be used in the work of reconstruction on vital bridges, railways and roads.

RAID ON LARDER

Food position was equally desperate.

Denmark, larder of Europe, presented an obvious method of feeding hungry Nazis for a few months—but only for a few months.

Moreover, it could help to cover the invaders of Norway against British intervention.

Britain has a new aero-engine, already in production, that Nazis will find as perfect as our new aeroplane designs. It will be officially announced within a week or two.

* * *

EGGS TRAVEL FIRST

So, within three hours of the occupation of Denmark Nazis began a tally of all her dairy produce.

First trainload of eggs, butter and bacon left for Germany ninety minutes later. Superb staff work and organisation!

The simultaneous action against Norway seemed equally certain of success.

But three serious miscalculations were made.

12 Points for Victory

SIR REGINALD DORMAN SMITH, Minister of Agriculture, urging greater efforts in Britain's Dig-for-Victory campaign, has said:—

"We face an unscrupulous and ruthless enemy, ever lurking in the shadows with orders to sink at sight. Hence the necessity to save shipping space.

"We have a large class of potential food producers of which, as yet, only the fringe has been touched. These are the people who can supplement the family larder with fresh vegetables from the garden, with fresh eggs, or poultry, or rabbits.

"In war it is national service of the highest order."

JOHN BULL continues its great Food Offensive —Twelve Points for Victory—on Page 18.

PLAN TO CATCH KING

It was planned to capture King Haakon and force him to surrender Norway before the "slow-witted" British decided on their action.

Even though the British Navy received orders after two or three days of international discussions and meetings of the Supreme War Council, the minefields of the Skaggerrak would prevent the Nazi lines of communication from being cut.

Anyhow, by that time the occupation of Norway would be complete.

NO GARLANDS

No need to stress how that went wrong, because the British were ready and waiting.

Second and minor error was to tell the landing parties that Norwegians would welcome them.

When they met with hastily-organised opposition instead of being garlanded with flowers, their morale suffered.

FINLAND'S REFUSAL

Third error is only just becoming plain to Hitler. Denmark imports 85 per cent. of her cattle fodder.

Germany is short herself, so her new food source will quickly dry up.

She is now trying to get feeding-stuffs from Finland and is being refused with the excuse that Finnish reconstruction forbids export.

SHE COULD RUN, BUT—

Minor surprise was sprung on the British during the great naval battle.

The Nazi battleship "Scharnhorst," battered by the "Renown," fled at a speed far greater than the 27 knots with which she had hitherto been credited.

She also showed that, even though she could run, she couldn't fight.

SECOND JELLICOE

Days of battle showed something else—that the man who holds Jellicoe's old position, and was Jellicoe's Flag Commander for long, is every inch a second Jellicoe.

Admiral Sir Charles Forbes, who likes to potter round his garden in shabby clothes, has justified the belief that he is one of the smartest Commanders the Home Fleet has ever had.

Mr. Churchill has lost a few points in popularity.

TRAP FOR NAZIS

Critics complain of his folly in announcing the withdrawal of our destroyer squadron from Narvik, with the loss of two ships, before stating the heavy losses inflicted on the Nazi ships there.

That was bad psychology.

But there was good reason for his insistence then that we had not landed troops at any Norwegian ports.

Grand Admiral Raeder, furious at the sacrifice of his fleet, wants to resign. Hitler has ordered him to stay, promising him new U-boat production scheme.

* * *

Idea was to lure the Nazis into sending fresh troopships for us to intercept.

Already such events are receding into unimportance in face of Hitler's frantic efforts to offset his Scandinavian failure.

Having lost his navy he must at last use his army and air force.

Having jettisoned the illusion of invincible force with which he has terrorised the neutrals, he has to embark on even more desperate gambles and come into the open from the dug-outs of the Siegfried Line.

HIS DILLY-DALLYING

He emerges to find Allied armies immensely strong after his seven months' dilly-dallying, and the Allied peoples heartened by the crushing victories of the North Sea.

Gravest danger, undoubtedly, is that we might be tempted to over-confidence.

HEAVY DAYS AHEAD

It will still be far from easy to roll back the Nazi army, and nothing less than conclusive defeat of every branch of Nazi armed forces will suffice.

There are heavy days ahead for our Army, Air Force and Civil Defence Services.

There may be reverses to demand our courage and patience.

ONE YEAR OFF!

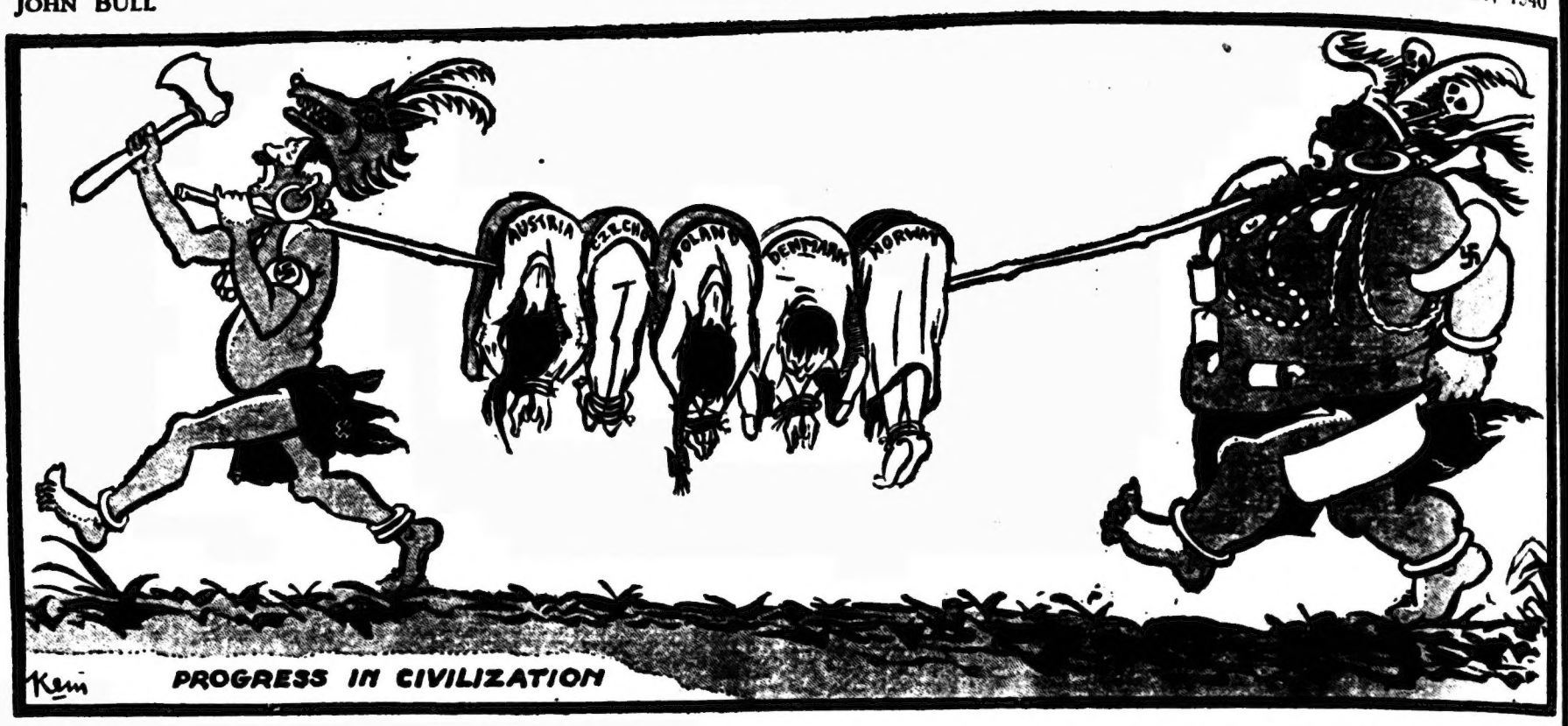
Well, we're in it now.

And we've every reason to feel satisfied with our position.

Beware the super-optimists.

But JOHN BULL repeats its prediction of last week—that these few days of action have at least lopped a year from the war's duration.

Continued overleaf



Continued from preceding page

End to French Political Plots Industrial Chance of Century Sunday Cinemas for B.E.F.

Tremendous events of the last fortnight have saved the French Cabinet. Despite his popularity with the people, M. Reynaud was in danger of being overthrown by Party intrigues.

Without the support of the Radicals, to whom M. Daladier belongs, his Cabinet would crash. Two of their leaders, Bonnet and Guy la Chambre, were so disappointed at being dropped from the Government that they have sought to bring Reynaud down.

That danger has abruptly ended.

Tiny, dynamic M. Reynaud stays—to the relief of Britain as well as his own countrymen.

Japan is walking away from the Axis, intends to lean toward Britain and the United States. That's the purpose behind the visit to London of her Ambassador-at-Large. Formal announcement is expected soon.

* * *

MINERS IN THE ARMY

Military action must not make us forget the economic situation. Blockade has stopped at least half of the German coal trade, which is now Britain's for the asking.

Welsh collieries have sold all output for three months ahead—other districts are also turning away orders.

Yet miners are still being called for Army service

GREATEST CHANCE

Mr. Ed. Williams, M.P., has protested against this short-sighted policy. **Elderly miners, idle for years, write to JOHN BULL to know why they shouldn't get work and thus release young miners.**

Truth is that all are needed. Hundreds of closed pits must be reopened.

We mustn't miss the greatest chance of a century.

RACKET

Slip laid on Sir John Simon's desk last week reported that land is being bought for investment by banks, big corporations and colleges.

Astute advisers have told them that land values are going to rocket as high as in the last war. Farm subsidies now amount to £50,000,000 a year, and profits of land ownership are rising accordingly.

Ironic that it was Sir John himself, the former advocate of land values taxation, who helped to kill that scheme and make possible the present racket.

TAX EVASION PLANS

Another file on the Chancellor's desk shows how rich financiers and companies have been dodging taxation. It is the result of three months' detective work by experts.

Now there's a rush to try to devise a counter-measure in time for the Budget.

Proposal is a clause to tighten conditions under which dodgers register dummy companies abroad for tax evasion.

BEVIN'S WAR DANCE

Mr. Ernest Bevin is on the warpath.

He has told the Government that women in war industries must receive men's pay if they are doing the same work with the same efficiency.

That's not only fair play, but it also aims at a fair deal for the men.

Some employers would employ women at cheap rates and sack their men—if they could.

DAY-OLD BREAD PLEA

Next on the scene is Lord Woolton, asking housewives to eat day-old bread and thus cut down consumption.

But they can't get day-old bread. Bakers work at night, and if bread taken from the ovens in the early hours is to be kept back for 24 hours it will be at least 36 hours before reaching the table.

Obvious solution is abolition of night baking.

Bread baked in the afternoon should be sold next day.

FOOD PRICE PROBLEM

Strangest food problem arises because some sergeant-cooks have to buy supplies from N.A.A.F.I. instead of the R.A.S.C.

While N.A.A.F.I. charges 10½d. for tin of tomatoes, wholesale price is 8d.; R.A.S.C. price for cocoa is 9½d. a lb. tin; N.A.A.F.I. sells loose cocoa at 1s. 2d. a lb.

Peas, ordered in advance at 4d. a lb., are said to have been delivered at 7½d. a lb.

ANY EXPLANATION?

So the list goes on.

In every instance, JOHN BULL is informed, N.A.A.F.I. prices are far, far in excess of the Army prices.

No doubt there is an explanation.

We should like to have it.

Set-back to Nazi trade drive in Bulgaria is discovery that German armaments, supplied by barter, are of poor quality. Heavy guns cracked during practice; quarter of the ammunition has proved "dud."

* * *

HINT FOR COUNCILS

Even though the war has flamed into large-scale action, welfare of British troops is still occupying some of the War Office time.

Sir Edward Grigg tells "John Bull" that cinemas are being rented in base towns in France for the use of troops—and they'll be open on Sundays.

Sabbatarian local councils in Britain might take the hint.

LONGER BY AIR NOW!

And there's a hint to the public in a Canadian newspaper's advice to its correspondents:—

Don't send matter by air mail. That now takes longer than ordinary transport.

Not worth spending your money on extra postage for air routes.

How the Nazis have stripped Poland of man-power is shown by Goering himself. He's advertising for labour on the princely Polish estate he gave to his wife for a birthday present.

* * *

SKYROCKETS, PLEASE

From across the Atlantic also comes a small item of great importance.

New American fighter aircraft, the Skyrocket, has top speed of 450 miles an hour, long range, can climb almost vertically, and carries a nest of several cannon.

And it's available to the Allies.

U.S.A.'s WAR THRILLS

Furious battles of the last few days have won the Allies a major moral success in the United States.

Isolation feeling changed in a few hours to intense excitement and open joy at Hitler's reverses.

Opposition to Mr. Roosevelt's policy has waned—and that will have a useful effect on our conduct of the war.

PEOPLE v. BOSSES

Worth noting is the attitude of other countries.

Italian and Spanish newspapers again showed themselves bitterly anti-Allied,

Prominent Czech labour leaders have escaped from Prague to join the Czech Legion in France.

* * *

again contrasted sharply with the views of their peoples.

Balkan States, despite their danger, allowed sharp criticism of Hitler.

We should frame our policy accordingly.

—AND A TAILPIECE

Lastly, a little story of a neutral who was shown over the birth-place of Schiller, the German poet.

"Here," announced the Nazi guide, "our national poet was born."

"International," corrected the neutral, "for he wrote 'Maid of Orleans' for the French; 'Egmont' for the Dutch; 'Mary Stuart' for the British——"

"Nothing for us Germans?"

"Sure," said the visitor. "He wrote 'The Bandits.'"

"THIS YEAR WILL SEE OUR CIVIL DEFENCE TESTED, PERHAPS SOON, PERHAPS BITTERLY."
Sir JOHN ANDERSON, Home Secretary.
£200 AIR RAID INSURANCE
Underwritten at LLOYD'S
FREE FOR EVERY READER SEE PAGE 4

THE DEVIL'S DISCIPLE

Had the spirit of heroic Finland, and now heroic Norway, burned in the hearts of other neutrals the doom of Hitlerism would already have been sealed—says

A. G. Gardiner

WE shall do well to keep in mind these days two sayings of Napoleon. Both of them related to this country.

The first was that he failed because "wherever there was room to float a cockboat he found a British vessel in possession."

The other was that "the British lose every battle—*except the last.*"

We may forgive the extravagance of the first part of the latter statement for the sake of the exception.

Wellington's campaign in the Peninsula was an almost uninterrupted succession of victories, and Waterloo only differed from Talavera, Vittoria and the rest in being final and decisive.

But let that pass. What Napoleon meant was that it was the sea-power of Britain and the staying power of the British that cooked his goose.

THAT IS WORTH REMEMBERING TO-DAY, WHEN OUR SEA-POWER IS MORE SUPREME THAN IT WAS IN THE DAYS OF NAPOLEON, WHEN OUR STAYING POWER IS ASSUREDLY NOT LESS, AND WHEN THAT STAYING POWER IS JOINED TO THE MILITARY GENIUS OF THE GREAT PEOPLE THAT GAVE NAPOLEON HIS VICTORIES.

BUT there is another ground for confidence, that, whatever the ups-and-downs of the struggle, the final victory will be ours. In cultivating that confidence we shall avoid the cocksureness of Dr. Ley, the leader of Hitler's Labour Front, who, it has been announced, has arranged a programme of trips to Brighton and our south coast towns for the victorious enemy in the late summer of this year.

That sort of bombast is not the confidence of strength, but a confession of weakness.

The ground for confidence to which I refer is the moral factor.

There has never been a war in all history in which the stakes were so universal and in which the issue between Right and Wrong was so clearly defined.

What we and France are resisting is an avalanche of barbarism, a naked and deliberate Satanism, the like of which the world has never seen and the triumph of which would wipe all that we understand by civilisation from off the face of the earth.

THE avalanche was long ago foreseen by the greatest of Germans.

"The Germans," said Goethe, in a terrible judgment, "are born brutal; education will make them ferocious."

And it was Heine who, a hundred years ago, foreshadowed the terrific happenings of to-day when he said:

"Christianity has occasionally calmed the brutal German lust for battle, but it cannot destroy that savage joy.

"And when once that restraining talisman, the Cross, is broken, then the old combatants will rage with the fury celebrated by the Norse poets. . . .

"Then the old stone gods will rise from unremembered ruins, and Thor will leap to life at last, and bring down his gigantic hammer on the Gothic cathedrals.

"Do not smile: it is no mere fantasy. . . . German thunder is truly German.

"It takes its time, but it will come. And when it crashes it will crash as nothing in history crashed before. Never doubt it. The hour will come."

The hour is here, and the hammer is falling, not merely on the Gothic cathedrals, but on the whole structure of civilised existence.

In three brief years Europe beyond the Rhine has been plunged back into the darkest of the dark ages.

NATIONS have been trampled to death, robbed, dismembered, crucified, their peoples murdered, herded in concentration camps, driven like cattle from their homes, doomed to slavery, condemned unheard and butchered untried.

Wherever the horror prevails, justice is dead, religion abolished, the sanctities of life outraged.

All the civilities, decencies and humanities, both within and without Germany, have been insulted and abandoned. Violence and brute force are the only instruments of government.

Treaties are made to trick nations into confidence, and broken the moment they have served their purpose.

International relations have broken down under a diplomacy of brazen lying for which there is no parallel in history.

And every neighbouring state lives in terror of the gang of murderers and thieves who strike the weak and helpless, now in this direction, now in that. None knows where the next blow will fall: all quake with fear lest their own turn should have come.

THE MORE SOLEMN THE UNDERTAKING OF FRIENDSHIP THE MORE CERTAIN IT IS TO BE DISHONOURED.

Only ten months ago, at his own instance, Hitler entered into a non-aggression pact with Denmark, ruling out the use of force in any circumstances: to-day Denmark is a nation in chains, robbed of its freedom, its property, its life.

So with Austria. So with Czechoslovakia. So with Poland.

All these crimes of policy are accompanied by a fiendish blood lust, a savagery of personal revenge against those who resisted him—Schuschnigg, Dollfuss, Benes, and Niemöller.

Lord Halifax was well justified in denouncing Hitler the other day as a "homicidal lunatic."

Would that his character had been realised earlier by those in power!

Worse even than the diabolical treachery that has made Europe a shambles is the war which Hitler and his fellow-hooligans are waging against the human spirit.

They not only hate their neighbours corporately: they hate mankind individually.

They are the enemies and oppressors of men wherever their dark Satanic power extends.

In their presence all the functions of the human soul perish, all the attributes that make human life worthy and honourable, the love of justice, the quality of mercy, the passion for freedom, the reverence for spiritual things, loyalty to truth and loyalty to home, are blotted out as crimes against the abstract monster, the State, deified in the person of the homicidal maniac.

We are fighting for the right of nations to live, but we are fighting also for the soul of the world. We are fighting for the free spirit of man in all lands, and for the humanities that ennoble life and without which we should all be better dead.

With such a cause, who can doubt the issue?

IT might have been assumed that at its summons all the free peoples would have risen to the defence of their common freedom against the powers of darkness.

We have been disappointed.

Some were too near the Terror to dare to strike; but they know now that their neutrality will not save them.

Some have taken refuge in a craven isolation, hoping that the Maginot Line and the British Navy will prevent the Terror reaching them.

Some are judiciously sitting on the fence waiting to know on which side it will be safe to come down.

SOONER OR LATER THAT ANSWER WILL BE GIVEN, AND THE TIDAL WAVE OF SATANISM WILL BE ROLLED BACK INTO THE ABYSS.

As was said at Gettysburg, so we may say with equal confidence now: "Government of the people, for the people, by the people shall not perish from the earth."

And let the neutrals realise that they can hasten the fulfilment of that great saying.

Let them mark what is happening in Norway. Let the flame of that great example inspire the Netherlands and the Balkans, and Hitler's days are numbered.

"In Germany's Great Hour."

THEY keep on saying Heil Hitler! And it sets a man to think, it's Heil Hitler! when they meet a friend, Heil Hitler! when they drink, Heil Hitler! when the kids come home, Heil Hitler! at their school they say it quite mechanically each like a Talking Tool.

AND no one dares to speak his mind, it's Heil Hitler! from the start. Heil Hitler! seems to be a sign to shut down on your heart. Heil Hitler! in each shop you go. Heil Hitler! on the street. Heil Hitler! gets into your ears like the sound of marching feet.

HEIL HITLER! haunts men in their dreams, it's Heil Hitler! when they wake, it's a sort of ersatz Religion and it's got the Touch of Fake. It's said too often and its pitch is meant for all to hear, but how many THINK HEIL HITLER! WHEN THEY KNOW NO ONE IS NEAR?

BUT still they chant Heil Hitler! It's a sickening sort of phrase, stuck into everything they do, and what weakness it betrays! For without it folk would go their way and think their own way too, but Heil Hitler! grinds into men's brains like a hideous Mental Screw.

BUT soul-deep and in silence they must crave to wipe away the dreadful import of those words, with their dressed up Force-Display. How many long for Peaceful Homes and for Germany's Great Hour when she puts her trust in God and Men who DO NOT WORSHIP POWER.

J. M.

BRITISH REFUGEES *SNUBBED!*

Lady Iveagh heads the Committee of the British War Refugee Fund

MENTION "refugees" and people think of Austrians, Germans and Czechs, plundered of their possessions and lucky to escape with their lives.

But there are British refugees from Nazidom, too.

Many are English Jews, victims of racial persecution. Others are non-Jewish business men who represented British business in Germany until the war.

The Jews, of course, were the first to be forced to return to Britain, yet a great number of them are still without work.

Though at the end of their resources, they get no help from the responsible Jewish charity—for the rule is that an English refugee is no longer a refugee when he has been back here for a year, whether he is in work or not.

Our non-Jewish exiles from Hitlerism are in equally bad plight.

They had to leave their German homes with only a few handbags stuffed with clothes. Their purses were not allowed to hold a penny more than ten marks —about 16s. in British money.

Yet, though losing nearly all their property, they returned with high hopes of making a fresh start.

Disillusion came swiftly.

SIXTY Britons, leaving Berlin eight days before war's outbreak, arrived in London without money, friends or shelter awaiting them.

Since then, most of the returned Britons have sought in vain for jobs in which their experience would be valuable to the whole nation.

They have been snubbed and ignored.

Few have found work through the Government's Central Register of professional workers. Fewer still through the ordinary employment exchanges.

Certainly there is that admirable organisation, the British War Refugees Fund. Its President is Lord Halifax, the Foreign Secretary.

Sir Nevile Henderson, its Honorary Treasurer, is generously trying to help the victims from the Nazi horror he knows so well.

But it appears to be a fund without funds.

Depending on private donations, its income is grossly inadequate for the new demands made upon it.

THE GOVERNMENT RECENTLY GRANTED £180,000 FOR FOREIGN REFUGEES. BUT NOT A FARTHING FOR OUR OWN REFUGEES!

JOHN BULL, regarding this situation as a disgrace to Britain, demands immediate and wholehearted assistance for a forgotten legion of war victims.

The Government, guided for so long by Sir Nevile Henderson at the British Embassy in Berlin, should now seek his advice on the fate of his fellow-exiles from Nazidom.

FOR two years, Sir Nevile Henderson, shrewd and grave-faced, battled against the intrigues of von Ribbentrop, the lies of Goebbels and the obduracy of Hitler himself.

Two years in which the rattle of arms grew louder and the fate of Europe largely depended on his coolness.

Ordinary people everywhere knew less than half of his fight from a British fort in the heart of Berlin.

Now, in a book that will always be part of our history, he has told all.

He shows, without bias or bitterness, the Nazi double-dealing that resulted in war, the hopelessness of the German groundlings and the despicable character of their leaders.

Listen to Hitler telling Mr. Chamberlain at Godesberg. "You are the only man to whom I have ever made a concession."

Then, within a few hours, you hear him storming at Sir Horace Wilson, "I will smash-sh-sh the Czechs."

For he was prepared to risk a world upheaval over Czechoslovakia.

"If France and England strike, let them do so. It is a matter of complete indifference to me," he shouted. "It is Tuesday to-day, and by next Monday we shall all be at war."

MILLIONS FOR FOREIGN REFUGEES, NOTHING FOR OUR OWN VICTIMS OF HITLERISM. THIS IS THE AMAZING ANOMALY THAT MUST BE ENDED

But war didn't come, just then. A chance episode frightened Hitler.

"In the afternoon of that Tuesday," Sir Nevile Henderson reveals, "a mechanised division had rumbled through the streets of Berlin....

"For three hours Hitler stood at his window and watched it pass.

"The Germans love military display, but not a single individual in the streets applauded its passage. The picture which it represented was almost that of a hostile army passing through a conquered city.

"Hitler was deeply impressed.

"At that moment he realised, for the first time, that the cheers of his sycophants in the Sportpalast were far from representing the true spirit and feelings of the German people."

So war didn't come—just then. But the Nazis were determined to prove Germany's "greatness" by the sword.

Sir Nevile damningly depicts the evil genius of von Ribbentrop intent on war to prove his own greatness.

It is clear that Goering, whose ruthlessness prompts the description of "a typical and brutal buccaneer," also ceased to work for peace with Britain when he realised that Hitler's aim was just the contrary.

And Sir Nevile proves one other fact of which he seems unaware—the utter futility of old-fashioned diplomacy.

Even he, however, admits that most diplomatic victories are gained at too great a cost.

Impossible to read his book without the conviction that secret diplomacy, though admirable in intention, has not a single advantage to commend it.

Whatever the moves on the diplomatic chessboard, however much the British public had been kept in ignorance in order not to offend the Nazis' touchiness, nothing could have deterred ultimate war save a new and all-powerful League of Nations.

That is surely the hidden moral of Sir Nevile's book.

Published under the poor title of "Failure of a Mission" (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.), it will be eagerly read not for its moral but for its clear picture of Nazidom and the events that culminated in open conflict.

And in allocating all profits from its sale in the British Empire to assist British refugees from Germany, Sir Nevile Henderson adds another contribution to his unselfish services to his fellow-countrymen.

Imaginary Interview in the Black-Out Bus

They Calls it "Art"!

FARES please! . . . Why, hullo, Mrs. Higgins, you're out late, ain't you? And all dressed up, too! Don't tell me you're going to one of them night clubs or bottle parties? From what I hear they ain't at all respectable.

"None of your impertence, young man! You know well enough me and my husband only goes to the pictures in the ordinary way, but he's on late shift again this week, and to-night nothing would satisfy him but to take me to a music hall. . . . And never no more, believe me!"

What, have you been shocked, Mrs. Higgins? Go on! I don't believe it! Not but what most of them variety theatres put on some pretty hot numbers these days as well as hot music.

I can guess what happened.

THERE was a strip-tease act, and your old man didn't nip out to the bar for a quick one while *that* was on, I'll bet.

"Quite right, young man, he didn't. We both walked right out of the theatre. 'Old gal,' he says to me, 'I don't know what the halls is coming to these days, but personally myself, I'm fed up with 'em.' And he was quite right, too."

So he was, Mrs. Higgins, so he was! . . . It takes a lot to shock me, mind you, but there *is* too much undressing on the stage nowadays, and too many jokes what are too near the knuckle. What happens on the beach at Margate may be one thing, says I, but what happens in the theatre is quite different. . . .

"ART"—that's what they calls it, but it ain't no more "art" than some of them nasty post-cards that they used to hawk on the "boulyvards" when we had Paris leave in the last war. And it certainly ain't right to expect any of them ambitious little girls to pose in the near nude just to make what you might call a bare living.

What's that you say? *"It ain't a thing to joke about!"* Ah, but I wasn't really joking, Mrs. Higgins. I never had no respect for any theatre manager who tried to make money out of real low-down entertainment.

What's more, you and your husband ain't the only ones that are fed up, and I'm very glad the Home Secretary has promised to see if the law don't need a bit of tightening.

They tell me that there's going to be a conference with theatre managers and music-hall proprietors and the Lord Chamberlain and the Entertainments Licensing Committee of the L.C.C. and all, to consider what ought to be done to clean up the stage and the cabarets.

But it ain't only London that's concerned.

From all accounts lots of the provincial halls are just as bad. . . . I think it's partly the war that has caused it. When there's a war on there's always a certain crowd that says: "Oh, to 'ell! What does anything matter?"

Actually, it's just in war time when a sensible, steady way of living matters most. However, unless something's done to restrain them, there always will be a few managers ready to snatch profits out of any kind of public. . . .

They'll lose in the end, mark you, Mrs. Higgins. . . . They may fill their halls now, but, bit by bit they'll lose their steady public and what you might call the family patrons.

YOU think I'm right, but you don't much hold with censorship? . . . No more do I. It would be far better for the big fellows in the entertainment business to get together and clean up the stage by agreement—same as they have cleaned up pictures.

Just the same, if they won't Spring-clean their own houses somebody will have to do it for them. And the sooner the better. Meanwhile, Missus, I suppose you and me 'ad better stick to the movies.

Many Unhappy Returns, Adolf!—Still Criminal Waste of Skilled Men—War Mother's Terrible Plight—A.T.S. Girls' Protest about Clothes

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot, M.P.,
Minister of Health

DEAR SIR,—A reader living near a great oil refinery, powder magazine, timber yards, great naval and aircraft works, an R.A.F. seaplane base, and some of the world's biggest docks, has been asked to accommodate evacuated children from "danger zones."

So have her neighbours, who live in stone cottages that have no proper sanitary arrangements!

Only you can marvel why your new evacuation scheme is the year's worst frost.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. Oliver Stanley, M.P.,
Secretary for War

DEAR SIR,—Here are two further examples of the criminal waste of skilled men.

One, an electric welder in civil life, is now wielding pick and shovel in

Stop the muddle, Mr. Stanley!

France. Mr. Hore-Belisha himself promised that he would either be sent back to his firm or allowed to continue his trade in the Army.

Yet his applications for transfer have been rejected; he is now worrying because his wife cannot maintain their home on his private's allowance.

Another reservist, passed Grade III by the doctors, is an Army driver, though he holds a gunnery certificate and was employed until the war as a welder by a famous aircraft works.

So much for the Government's appeal for skilled men!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. C. L. Stocks,
Commissioner of Crown Lands

DEAR SIR,—Perhaps you can tell me how woodcutters and millers on your Banffshire estate manage to keep a family and pay rent on a wage of 36s. a week.

Although they have vainly applied for more, the Government is paying Newfoundland men 8s. 2d. a day—and keep—for doing the same work in the same area.

Monstrously unfair.—JOHN BULL.

Chief Paymaster,
War Office

DEAR SIR,—I am saddened and angered by the distress still caused by your subordinates' muddling.

An aged, ailing Portsmouth widow, whose son enlisted last January, has filled up three forms for a dependant's allowance.

Told to apply for civil help if she was in urgent need, she has been sent from office to office and has now had to abandon her search because of bad health. Must she wait another four months before the allowance is paid?

Another woman is without an allowance, or even the allotments her son has made from his pay since last November!

War does not excuse the feckless drowsiness of your staff.—JOHN BULL.

HERR ADOLF HITLER

ADOLF,—For your fifty-first birthday this Saturday I wish you this—that it will be the unhappiest of your life. And I have no doubt that it will be.

The small, peaceful States you have lately invaded will be dangerous birthday presents.

They will not bring permanent riches to the oppressed empire of your dreams; they will embroil you in difficulties to hasten your downfall.

Events of the last fortnight must have made plain this fact even to so overweening and reckless a gambler as yourself.

Your greatest ambition, that the British Empire should be your next birthday present, is equally clear.

Our offering will take a different shape.

Already you see its outline. Be sure that soon its full weight will succeed in crushing your bloodied rule out of existence.

I do not know, as yet, what grave flaw in the Nazi front prompted your latest invasions.

But desperate it must be for you to provoke the "total war" you so often threatened, so often postponed, and so obviously feared.

The Allies' counter-attack can leave you in no doubt of their power, resources and courage. And even though the struggle may be as long as it is bitter, there can be no doubt of its outcome.

Your birthday cannot be cheerful, Adolf. It will be clouded by the shadow of Hitlerism's approaching death.—JOHN BULL.

The Borough Council,
Wcolwich

GENTLEMEN,—Thoughtful of you to arrange a recreation centre for A.R.P. wardens.

A pretty thought, too, to send out invitations to the opening ceremony on gilt-edged cards.

Yet a trifle too pretty-pretty, don't you think, when the country is fighting for its existence and even minor extravagance is dangerous?—JOHN BULL.

Vice-Admiral Sir H. Brown,
Director, Munitions Production

DEAR ADMIRAL,—There is widespread doubt whether the munitions position is really satisfactory.

Even though our production figures are astronomically high, M.P.s and public believe they might be greater still.

One man, whose firm makes 100-lb. shells, tells me that he often waits two or three hours for work.

He blames poor plant, but I cannot believe that it is beyond our engineers' skill to construct hard-wearing machinery.—JOHN BULL.

The Chairman,
Warwickshire Quarter Sessions

YOUR WORSHIP,—Although imprisonment of young people usually provokes my fiercest criticism, I endorse your sentence of six months on Malcolm Howard Yates.

He is only eighteen, but mercy would be wasted on a ruffian who breaks the arm of his baby one week and a leg the next.

I hope steps will be taken to see that he never again has care of the child.—JOHN BULL.

The Managing Director,
L.M.S. Railway

DEAR SIR,—Again I remind you that war was not declared to enrich your company.

In a restaurant car last week one of my staff was told he could not be served with butter unless his meal cost at least 2s. 9d.

Ordering a pot of tea, dry toast and jam, he was charged 1s. 3d.

Obviously you are determined to keep profits up.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. W. Leonard, M.P.,
St. Rollox

DEAR MR. LEONARD,—Carry on your fine work for children.

No tribute to the civilisation that we are fighting to defend that some Scottish authorities allow schoolchildren to work six or even nine hours a day on their holidays.

Even in the present circumstances there must be no toleration of child labour.—JOHN BULL.

Lord Woolton,
Minister of Food

MY LORD,—You have an excellent chance to prove that new brooms sweep well. Sweep out the pensioner bureaucrats!

Wandsworth Food Committee is the latest to protest against being told by your Department to engage, at £250 a year, a pensioned policeman.

Are there not thousands of experienced clerks among the unemployed?—JOHN BULL.

The Commandant,
2nd Cheshire A.T.S.

MADAM,—Parents of one of your A.T.S. girls tell me that they have had to buy all her underclothing besides stockings and other necessities.

It is said that no greatcoats have been issued, and other clothing promised months ago has still to arrive.

Anything to say about it?—JOHN BULL.

"Greatest of These . . ."

TWENTY-FOUR shillings a week to feed and clothe five people! It seems impossible, yet that is what is expected of Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, of Chelsfield, Kent, who have three children under twelve and are expecting yet another baby.

An elder boy is training for service with the Navy.

Not only has the father been unemployed for a considerable time, but also the mother has been handicapped in her efforts to help the family because she is almost totally deaf.

There is nothing left when rent, clubs, insurances have been paid and the remaining twenty-four shillings spent on living necessities, to devote to preparing for the expected addition to the family.

This call on your generosity is most deserving.

Please do all you can for this troubled family.

Her father can't find work . . .

Donations should be earmarked "Deaf," and addressed to JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Donations will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given. We gratefully acknowledge contributions from various anonymous donors.

Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

GRIN AND BEAR IT!

Moi Boike!

BY OLIVER PLUSH

Hello, old chap. I've come all the way down to the tool-shed just to see how you're looking.

Your middle name's not "Lightning," by any chance? It's taken you five years to get here.

I'm so sorry, old boy. But I've had other things to do, and . . .

You're telling *me*. I suppose you think I don't know all about that rattletrap collection of old junk you bought in mistake for a car?

Steady, old fellow. At least, I have come back to my first friend.

Nuts to that soft soap! It's only the war time restrictions on petrol that have brought you here.

Really, I wish you would give me a break!

Nothing doing. I've only got two, and I need both of them.

Stop protesting, old man. How about coming out and getting all oiled up?

Not on your sweet life! I don't want to be saddled with *you* again.

Really, you are very hard.

More than my poor, unfortunate tyres are—thanks to your neglect.

Then you are determined to go on resting?

RUSTING, you mean. Beat it, buddy, and go buy yourself a scooter. *Good* evening.

Personalities

No. 2:—SIR JOHN SIMON.

At getting blood from out of a stone,
You prove that you can hold your own
With anyone, and we agree
That you most certainly must be
A far from Simple Simon.

But, *please*, Sir John, remember that
Your last year's Budget knocked us flat,
So if you're rough again this year,
I guarantee that you will hear
A far from simple sigh, mon.

Figure of Speech

One of those wise guys who let themselves go with a bang in the Sunday papers has been insisting that no husband ever really had the last word in a domestic dispute. Well, right here and now I can prove him wrong, for a pal of mine had it only last week.

"All right," he said firmly. "Buy the darned thing if you really want it."

The Ring of Truth

"Exchange is no robbery," some fellow wrote;
If he wants to learn better, he oughter
Try running his eye just once over my
Telephone bill for the quarter.

Tall Order

The height of many a girl's ambition is somewhere between five feet ten and six feet.

Ain't it Wonderful?

Aunt Agatha recently saw a whippet for the first time.

My dears, she said, it was a sweet little Dachshund on stilts.

Domestic Note

Then there was the wife who was so annoyed with her husband that before he came home from work she set his slippers out for him in the refrigerator.

Food for Thought

I can't help feeling sorry for poor old Potter.

His wife has the worst memory in the world.

Really she has—she remembers everything.

Horrid Warning

Gather round all you bright young lads who dream of becoming city magnates before you are forty, and I'll tell you some of the reasons why my brother Theobald was not promoted.

He always got to the office late.

When he did arrive, he was a confirmed clock-watcher.

He left jobs only half done.

He groused and grumbled all the time he was at the office.

He never by any chance studied at home.

He always associated with his business inferiors.

He never tried to win promotion.

He didn't have to—

He was the head of the concern.

Talking Shop

Listen to this, me hearties.

It's a hundred per cent., hallmarked American "Psychologist in Salesmanship" putting the kybosh once and for all on that old gag that the customer is always right. Says he:—

"For the sales clerk to contradict the customer in the latter's interest is an act which will certainly be appreciated. It is, in fact, the Voice of Experience advising and admonishing the Tyro, and the customer who cannot appreciate its benefit is scarcely worth worrying about."

O.K., Toots. Let's go.

Scene: Millinery floor of Messrs. Bubble and Squeak's select emporium. Characters: One Female Shopper, One Ditto Assistant. Time: Gentlemen, please.

Shopper: Oh, what a twee little hat! I simply *must* try it on. (*Does so.*) How do I look in it?

Assistant: Your best friends wouldn't tell you! Now here is an amusing little model, modom, that is exactly suited to you.

Shopper: But I *much* prefer this one. I'm sure it suits me splendidly.

Assistant: Listen, sister! In that hat you look like something that crawls out of the gorgonzola at midnight. Now *this* amusing little model. . . ."

Shopper: This is the hat I want, and this is the hat I mean to have!

Assistant (*drawing gat*): Says who? (*Shoots customer very dead.*)

Floor Walker (*appearing suddenly*): Come, come, Miss Flukinirons. No frivolity in business hours.

Assistant: Frivolity my foot. This old hen dared to contradict me.

Floor Walker: Quite right. Just clear up the débris and reload. Here comes another customer.

As Others See It!

WAITING AT THE DOOR

Smith's Weekly (Sydney)

THE MAN ON STILTS

New York Times

OLD BILL
by
Bruce Bairnsfather

"I'd stick to Halifax's war aims if I was you, mate. The ones you got will land yer in Bow Street if yer ain't careful"

Write to JOHN BULL about it!

HUSH-HUSH and HAW-HAW

SOME of you have been impatient for this war "to start." Well, it has started with a vengeance—a grand vengeance upon the German Navy for its first risk-taking aggression.

But, though our hearts are lifted now with pride and thankfulness, none of us will ever forget the shock—*the needless shock*—of the first official news, which seemed to turn victory into defeat.

FOR THE OFFICIAL BLUNDER THAT SHOOK THE WORLD AFTER THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND WAS DUPLICATED AFTER THE GALLANT DESTROYER BATTLE IN NARVIK FIORD.

The Admiralty, in its first brief communiqué, gave this country and all the neutrals the utterly wrong impression that we had sustained a severe defeat.

It announced the loss of the destroyers Hunter and Hardy, damage to two other destroyers, and the *withdrawal* of our naval forces from those narrow waters.

American newspapers were staggered by this official admission. In flaring headlines they broke the tragic and essentially misleading "news" to their readers.

Not until Mr. Chamberlain made his reassuring, but tardy, statement in the House was our mounting anxiety and consternation relieved.

EVEN then the Premier confined his remarks to the Narvik engagement, whereas Monsieur Reynaud, speaking at the same time in the French Parliament, disclosed the fact that another great naval engagement was even then in progress.

AND "JOHN BULL" CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHY MR. CHAMBERLAIN COULD NOT HAVE CONCLUDED HIS SPEECH WITH AT LEAST THAT ONE PIECE OF UP-TO-THE-MINUTE AND HOPEFUL NEWS.

Hours of agonising suspense followed that first brief statement by the Premier.

It was not until Mr. Churchill spoke in the House of Commons *on the following afternoon* that we were given anything like a comprehensive picture of the momentous events which had occurred or a reliable record of the smashing blows which the Allies had struck.

During this long interval of uncertainty the British public and the outside world had to take what comfort it could from unconfirmed reports emanating from Stockholm, Rome and even New York!

We have never wanted to anticipate events, but we *have* always been eager to keep level with *the news*. It is our job. Yet British newspapers are no longer free to do their normal work.

All *real* news is controlled by the Foreign Office, the War Office, the Admiralty and the Air Ministry.

WORKING BY CONSENT OF THESE SERVICE DEPARTMENTS, MEEKLY SUBSERVIENT TO A HOST OF "SERVICE SAHIBS" AND "BRASS HATS," THERE IS AN ORGANISATION KNOWN AS THE MINISTRY OF INFORMATION.

"JOHN BULL" DENOUNCES THIS MINISTRY YET AGAIN AS A COSTLY, LUDICROUS AND DISASTROUS FAILURE.

We don't blame Sir John Reith in particular nor even his staff in general. Circumstances may be too strong for them, but the fact remains that little real information ever emanates from this *vital* war time Ministry.

"Brass Hats" of the three Fighting Services with the benevolent neutrality of the permanent "Mandarins" of the Foreign Office have entered into a conspiracy of "Hush-Hush."

They won't talk until forced, and even then they seem to think that "Hush-Hush" can beat "Haw-Haw."

THEY know that the Nazis have a monopoly of lying, but they can't seem to see that Truth itself grows stale with keeping.

For months past they have countered Goebbels' lies with delayed denials. We cannot recall a single instance of their *anticipating* a German claim or launching news of an Allied success ahead of the German denial.

But they are wrong.

They stand in danger of losing the propaganda fight for the world title. They cause their countrymen needless anxiety and bewilder the sympathetic neutral Press.

The Premier is the only man who can insist that news is speeded up

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR
by the EDITOR

One man—and one man only—has the power to break up the Hush-Hush conspiracy.

That man is Mr. Chamberlain, the Prime Minister. He ought to see that the propaganda fight is going against us.

And we say that it is his duty to tell the Brass Hats to take risks.

He *must* tell them to stop "covering up." We say that he *must* urge them "to go in and fight."

JOHN BULL demands more news—fresh and aggressive news of what is happening day by day, if not hour by hour.

***YOU* HAVE TO WAIT FOR RELIABLE ALLIED NEWS. YOU *WILL* WAIT FOR IT BECAUSE YOU ARE BRITISH.**

IN THE UNITED STATES, AND IN ALL THOSE LESSER COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD STILL CONTRIVING TO PRESERVE A NOMINAL NEUTRALITY WHILE "HITLERISM" TRAMPLES THEIR LITTLE FRIENDS BENEATH ITS CLOVEN HOOVES, THE ENEMY LIE IS BOUND TO GET A FLYING START OF THE ALLIED TRUTH.

And a lie well launched is hard to overtake even by a flotilla of destroying facts.

British newspapers first heard the terrific news of Germany's invasion of Denmark and of Norway from American sources.

The previous night the Allies had deliberately laid three minefields in Norwegian territorial waters.

They must have known, as JOHN BULL and every other responsible newspaper in this country had known for weeks, that the Nazis had concentrated 400,000 trained troops in the Stettin area and had been training them in embarkation for this precise invasion.

So we want to know why the British and French peoples—not to speak of the entire neutral world—were left to hear *from the United States* of this desperate German counter-stroke to their own bold and decisive action.

Obviously the Admiralty was not taken by surprise. It was fully prepared to meet the Nazi challenge, and we hold strongly that it should not have lost a moment in giving us that assurance.

Instead we were left to sweat with mortification while the enemy announced "gain after gain" and "success after success." We were given no comfort at all except the Premier's vague assurance that important Allied naval forces were doing something in a hurry "somewhere at sea."

IF the Navy was at sea in those fateful hours, how much more "at sea" were the civilian populations of Great Britain and France and the countless millions of eager "fight fans" in the neutral world?

When the first official news of immensely important events in the new theatre of war began to trickle through official channels, we were astounded to learn in an Admiralty communiqué that—"according to an unconfirmed report from Stockholm"—one of our own warships was believed to have sunk a German cruiser!

God of Battles!

Must the British Admiralty depend on an "unconfirmed report" from a neutral capital for news of a British victory?

We were told that, while action was in progress, naval units could not send radio reports to the Admiralty lest they should, in so doing, give information to the enemy as well.

Was there no Fleet Air Arm?

Had we *no* means of news transmission free from enemy interception?

Were we so short of comfort that we must take refuge in vague rumours from a foreign port?

Dr. Goebbels would never have allowed "Haw-Haw" or any other of his henchmen to put out such a damaging admission of official ignorance.

Goebbels is free to deal as he pleases with truth, but at least he tells thumping lies when he chooses to lie.

You never hear *him* quote unsubstantiated reports from "well-informed sources" in some distant capital.

Whether true or false, he always says "we sank." He *never* asks the waiting world to believe that some other fellow *thinks* the German Navy "*might* have sunk" an unnamed enemy ship.

ONLY A FORTNIGHT AGO "JOHN BULL" URGED THE GOVERNMENT TO "TELL ENGLAND"—AND TO TELL THE WORLD—WHAT WE ARE DOING TO WIN THIS WAR.

WE HAD UTTERED THE SAME WARNING BEFORE AND WE MAKE NO APOLOGY FOR REPEATING IT.

"Haw-Haw" is laughing at our official "Hush-Hush."

He is finding, even among British people, millions of listeners who hear him solely because our official news is given out too late.

We don't expect the Services to counter lies with lies. We appreciate the importance of Britain's deserved reputation for stark honesty.

But we can find no excuse whatever for leaving us again and again to fear the worst and hope for the best.

It might occasionally be expedient to issue negative—instead of positive—news.

A FEW days ago, for instance, public anxiety could have been allayed easily enough by a guarded report of our naval action that would have disclosed nothing to the enemy.

Yet we *know* that the splendid morale of this country and the vast majority-sympathy of all the outside world will be undermined if the Hush-Hush conspiracy is not broken.

Therefore, we beg the Premier, who once admitted that perhaps he had not told us enough, to remedy this fault without delay; to furnish a free and loyal Press with the ammunition so desperately needed at this time to meet the Nazi barrage of devilish propaganda.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

THE MASTER OF COD

YOU can't help feeling suspicious when you discover that what seems to be a big noise in the business world is merely an echo in a West End basement, with a notice on the door saying, "To postmen—please leave all letters and packets in this box, no matter what name or firm is addressed."

This is the headquarters of a would-be big business man, Claudius Roland Chipchase, a man who, with many titles, is now practising under the registered business name of "Smith and Company, Windmill Street, London, W.," as a supplier of newsprint, off-cuts, kraft, brown and white wrapping, strawboards, paper and boards for printing and boxmaking. If it were not enough in itself to promise supplies of such articles, all of which are difficult to obtain in war time, Chipchase goes even further by offering his goods at cut-prices. The bait is too tempting for it to remain unnoticed.

And I am not surprised that a provincial printer, inspired by the high-falutin' advertisements through which "Smith and Co." offered its goods, eventually became suspicious of its methods of doing business.

Two trunk telephone calls were unanswered, a telegram was ignored, and finally he sent a cheque for £64 to the newspaper in which the advertisement had originally appeared, saying that he would be glad if it could be held until the goods had been supplied—a precautionary measure often advisable these days.

But "Smith and Co." just caustically replied that cash must be paid direct before order was delivered as it was much too busy to enter into any protracted correspondence.

The provincial printer was even more sceptical when one letter arrived, demanding cash, also in untidy writing saying, "We can sell hundreds of tons now the market is short, and will get worse as the war proceeds."

One of my investigators has visited the West End basement from which "Smith and Co." so optimistically carries on its wide-scale business.

A warning against the strange business methods of Mister Claudius Roland Chipchase is obviously needed, whether he calls himself "Smith and Company" or "Rogers and Company," of Coptic Street, London—a printing firm with which he has been connected.

Earlier, a one-room business with which he was concerned was the Star Printers, Limited, of Charlotte Street, W., which asked for money for goods by banknotes and not by cheque. Several court actions revealed some very unbusinesslike undertakings.

A strong brain and a firm hand were needed when you explored the intricacies of the Star Printers machinations. There was no such man as "Arthur Portman," supposed to be its first director and founder, and the business was managed by "George Clifford," who also controlled a dairy concern in the name of Jones. Clifford *is* Chipchase!

He's so Shy

WHEN the elusive "Harry G." begins to call you "dear sportsman" keep a tight grip on your shirt. This mysterious philanthropist is so eager to do you a good turn that you can't help feeling suspicious.

From an address in New Oxford Street, London, W., he is flooding the country with circulars, offering information worth "real money to any sport willing to keep it dark."

He knows all about a "very hot horse" that is all set to make a "pot of money," and it will cost you only half-a-crown to be in on a secret now shared only by the most exclusive stable experts.

Elusive Harry pleads that you don't tell a soul.

This explains his desire to remain a mystery. He asks you to reply to him "care of Mr. Wells," and adds: "I dare not tell you where I am working. If it were known that I was giving information I should be instantly dismissed."

This neat ramp is being handled at an office where Mr. Wells has been known only for a few days.

Although, for reasons best known to myself, I can't reveal too much now, I can say that there are several men behind this scheme.

3 WILY LURES

IN the hands of a salesman, the New Wonder Tool, a gadget put on the market by the U.M. Company, London, cuts glass, stencils and paper patterns, and sharpens knives with the greatest of ease. But once out of the hands of the expert demonstrator the gadget doesn't work so well.

In fact, the instrument sold in the great house-to-house sales campaign is as much use as a headache—and is certainly not worth the money asked for it.

No address is given in the printed material in which the gadget is wrapped, and the U.M. Company, London, is not registered as a business name.

* * *

CREDITORS of "Arnold J. Ellis," of Sussex Place, Slough, Buckinghamshire, will only be throwing good money after bad if they attempt to sue him. At least one man has found this out to his cost.

Even though he has been trading for some time with a string of worthless concerns, "Arnold J. Ellis" is still a minor. But this does not prevent his finding most impressive titles for his bogus efforts in which people have sunk money, never to see it again.

* * *

THE Institute of Endocrinology, Westover Road, Bournemouth, offers advice for those who are suffering from retarded mental and physical development, premature decay of the mental faculties, nervous disorders, cretinism, obesity—even baldness.

Concern I mention is a branch of a notorious London Institute, condemned several times in these pages.

Mr. Registrar Parton has suspended this woman's discharge for three years . . .

MAKE A NOTE OF HER

WIDE publicity should be given to the sequel to my recent criticisms of Mrs. Psyche Hope Reaveley, of "Burnham," The Highway, Sutton, Surrey, who fancied herself as a newspaper proprietor with an office in Salisbury Square, London, E.C.

Although my warning prevented many persons from investing in certain companies with which she was connected, I have heard of several victims of Mrs. Reaveley's plausible sales-talk.

She is now in the bankruptcy court with liabilities amounting to £5,532 and assets of seven shillings.

The Trade Interlock and Publicity Services, Limited, formed in 1935, lasted only nine months, and was interlocked with debt when its unsuccessful career came to an end.

Some of the other companies discussed were also brought into being, but they came to nothing. Further, the Official Receiver's report on Mrs. Reaveley's bankruptcy states that she contracted debts that she had no reasonable hope of meeting.

One victim, asked to put down £500 in return for a salaried position, parted with £200, which was all he could afford, under the powerful beam of Mrs. Reaveley's magnetic personality. He was soon disillusioned; so were many others.

Among the people who set out to raise money in the latest company with which she was concerned was a man who had many convictions for fraud, and is now in prison again for offences committed independently.

Although her affairs have been in the bankruptcy courts for only a few months, Mrs. Reaveley has now had the audacity to apply for discharge.

But Mr. Reginald Parton, Registrar of Bankruptcy at the High Courts, recently suspended her discharge for three years because she embarked on ambitious schemes without capital and without taking any reasonable precautions and contributed to her bankruptcy by rash and hazardous speculations.

And I can now reveal that, a few months ago, following collaboration between the Police Authorities and JOHN BULL'S Investigation Department, Mrs. Reaveley was fined £20 and costs for an offence under the Companies Act.

And that's why it would be wise to bear her name in mind.

A Man who was Not Caught!

SO many persons complain that they have been duped that it is a relief to hear from somebody who has been too cute to be caught.

Only last week I told you the tricks whereby Readhead's encyclopædia, handled by the Consolidated World Research Society, Limited, becomes a snare and delusion for the innocent.

My correspondent, then in business in London, granted an interview to a woman who claimed that he was one of several such men to be given ten volumes of an encyclopædia. There were to be no obligations. He merely had to give his frank opinion of the works.

Later a salesman told him that he was to receive the volumes. As quarterly supplements were produced on a loose-leaf system, would the man care to become a subscriber for additions when they were published?

When the books did not arrive, he telephoned Readhead, who denied all knowledge of the business.

Two years later he moved to the Midlands and another young woman appeared to repeat the story.

This time he shrewdly arranged for one of his clerks to be present.

The salesman admitted that the ten volumes would be delivered without obligation. But no more was heard when he again refused to do anything until he received the books.

He has tried in vain to get his books. His letters and telephone calls have had no effect. His clerk is willing to swear on oath that the books were offered without obligation.

I congratulate this astute reader. I wish there were more like him.

TRADING ON TEARS

LOOKING "like a saint," and waxing fat on the proceeds of mean frauds on relatives of soldiers killed in action, there is a man at large in the land who must be thrust back into jail without delay.

Most newspapers have carried a vague warning about him, without mentioning his name, but I can tell you who he is and reveal details of his tricks.

Throughout his long criminal career he has been in the habit of assuming official haloes, masquerading for many years under such names as Atkins, Brand, Davis, Willesay, Donmore, and Watts.

His latest trick is to pose as a legal man from the War Office, calling on the widow or relatives of an officer whose death has been announced in casualty lists. He claims that the soldier lived just long enough to make a new will.

Although the Government is eager to safeguard the interests of soldiers' dependants, it must still ask for legal fees.

So plausible is his story that he has extracted cheques for substantial sums from many people.

Before the war came to help him this rogue was posing as a Post Office official making "confidential enquiries," cashing worthless cheques and ransacking hotel bedrooms.

Public Benefactor

Mrs. E. A. Turner, Green Road, Upper Stratton, Wiltshire, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. for sending me information of a useful character.

Mark your letters "Public Benefactor" and address them personally to me.

"JOHN BULL" REVEALS SOME OF THE MIRACLES WORKED BY THE NAVY'S UNCANNY SALVAGE EXPERTS, NOW RESCUING VICTIMS OF U-BOAT AND MINE

No ship, hit by torpedo or mine, is lost, as far as the Admiralty is concerned, until the salvage experts, using every modern pump and appliance, and directed by the "mystery genius" of this great Naval Department, have agreed that the job is impossible.

Salvage Wizards Cheat the Waves

A FEW weeks ago the steamer *Eskdene*, torpedoed while carrying a cargo of timber from Siberia when she was forty miles off the British coast, lay deep beneath the rolling combers of the grey North Sea.

She is now in dry dock in a north-east coast port. The Naval salvage operators have restored her, and saved her cargo.

When they found the "Eskdene" her flag was submerged. A great jagged rent 70 ft. long and 25 ft. deep bore sinister testimony to the enormous destructive force of the torpedo.

The explosion had caused an ugly bulge in the opposite side of the ship.

The salvage crew set to work with 6-in. and 12-in. pumps.

A diver went down to repair the plates in the engine-room. He introduced suction pipes by burning a hole in the coal bunker, and she was eventually raised to the surface.

Then three tugs beached her at the entrance to the river. Because she was almost split in two, the salvage men "tied her together" by laying great girders across her torn hull.

She had to be secured against the effects of a sudden swell by more girders fastened between her main deck and the bridge deck.

To prevent deck plates from cracking and splitting, massive timbers, 14 in. square, were wedged between the decks at intervals.

Holes were cut in bulging deck-plates to provide a safety-valve for the surging waters beneath.

The problem now is to discharge her cargo.

This cannot be done while the *Eskdene* lies in dry dock. Because only one crane is available there, the task would take too long.

When the damaged hull is temporarily "patched," the *Eskdene* will be towed into the Tyne, where lighters will receive her cargo.

Then she will go back for final repairs.

This is only one of the Admiralty's Salvage Department miracles, writes a John Bull correspondent.

When I visited some of the harbours on the north-east coast where the ships damaged by enemy action lie undergoing repairs in dry dock, I was astonished by these torn, rusty and battered vessels. Yet even though the casual observer might scarcely believe they would ever be seaworthy again, they will be restored to their element by the district salvage unit in a few weeks.

The authority of the salvage unit in West Hartlepool, Sunderland and South Shields extends from Holy Island to Scarborough.

Every case of marine salvage along this coast comes under the supervision of Commander C. F. Smith, R.N.R., white-haired, genial and placid, who was salving ships in the Mediterranean during the last war.

"You should have seen us on our last job," he said, as we motored from West Hartlepool to Sunderland. "We stayed on board for a week." He indicated the bright gold braid on his cuffs.

"You wouldn't have seen any of this," he said. "It wasn't a job for collars and cuffs. We didn't shave or take our clothes off for seven days . . . The *Baron Ruthven*, carrying a cargo of iron ore, came into the mouth of the Tees badly damaged and leaking. She'd been torpedoed.

"Her poop deck was two feet under water, and our first job was to discharge her cargo.

My salvage unit consisted of my two assistants and half a dozen men. The stevedores, who helped with the cargo, couldn't unload quickly enough, so we engaged forty unemployed men from Middlesbrough and forty miners from the pub. at Wingate!

"They lived in the ship.

"I had a steward and cook on board for their meals. It was a slow, tedious job, discharging load after load of iron ore into buckets.

"STILL, feeding the pumps with a thousand gallons of petrol and four hundred gallons of paraffin, we managed to get the *Baron Ruthven* afloat. Then we towed her into the Tyne for repairs.

"The weather was so rough when the salvage operations were finished that it was no use trying to land the men in ordinary boats. Lifeboats had to be sent out."

The increase in shipping casualties is not due only to the U-boat and the mine.

Ships as well as human beings and motor-cars suffer in the black-out. Collisions are more frequent and vessels are more liable to run aground through hugging the coast to keep clear of mines.

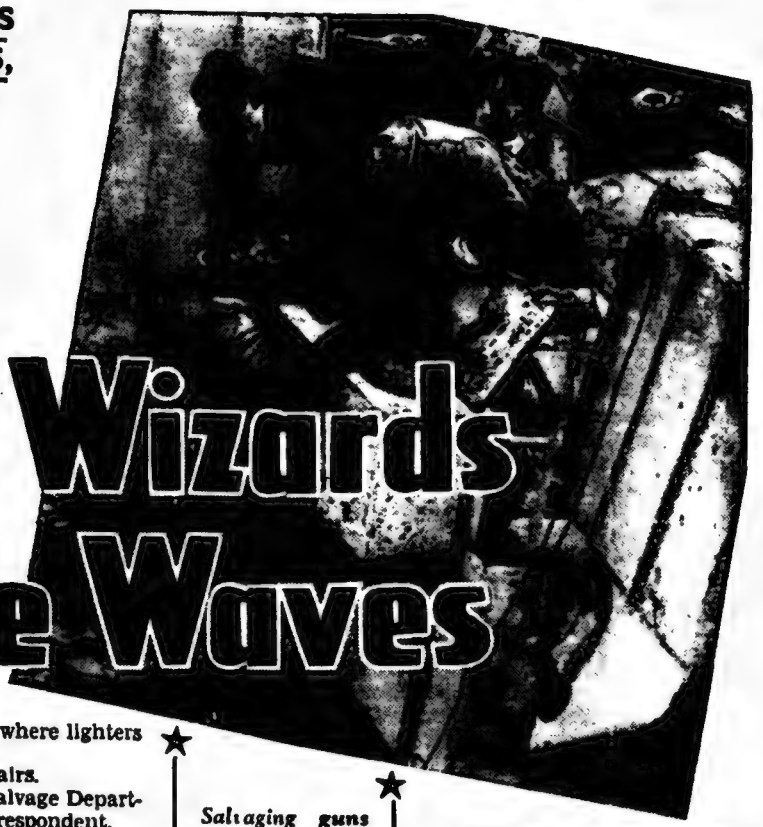
The first crippled ship I saw was an examination steamer (its skipper has to inspect the papers of incoming craft), which had run aground near the entrance to Sunderland Harbour.

It lay at an angle of forty-five degrees in the raging sea.

Commander Smith is waiting for high tide before pumping her out. When the task is accomplished salvage tugs will tow her into dock for repairs.

The next crippled ship I visited was the *Amble*, a 1,200-ton collier, which drifted ashore north of Sunderland after a mine had blown off the whole of her forepart, leaving a trailing mass of twisted metal.

The salvage unit decided to flood her to keep her steady. Then twelve men worked on her with three-inch motor pumps.



Salvaging guns from a British ship mined at the mouth of an east coast harbour... All part of the Navy's job

Five days later three tugs pulled her into dock, where she will be broken up.

Even the recovery of a ship damaged beyond repair means that a danger to shipping has been removed, and that a quantity of valuable scrap metal has been retrieved.

Salvage units get their biggest headaches from "borderline" cases. Taking everything into account, it is often debatable whether a damaged ship is worth salving, worth the time, money, and the highly speculative chances of success.

Patience, grit, determination and the ability to take a blow on the chin are indispensable to salvage work.

Operations may proceed admirably until a storm ruins several weeks' work.

Success and failure are close relations in salvage.

Such maddening contingencies as the petrol in the pumps giving out at the critical moment, or the tide being just three inches too low are all too common.

A FEW weeks ago a tanker, valued at £300,000, was mined and abandoned in the North Sea.

Commander Smith had her beached just outside the Tyne.

She was carrying oil fuel, and on the first fine day Commander Smith had 800 tons of the oil discharged into a small tanker.

Even so, the Commander was forced in the end to jettison another 700 tons. He poured nearly £2,000 into the sea!

It is not easy to judge the minimum quantity of cargo that can be jettisoned with a reasonable guarantee of success for the whole salvaging enterprise.

In this instance Commander Smith acted wisely. On the following morning the oil tanker proceeded into the Tyne under her own power.

Commander Smith recently had three salvage jobs on his hands at once—the *Amble*, and two tankers, the *Atheltemplar* and the *Inverlane*.

From the front at Sunderland you can see that the *Inverlane* is in sorry condition.

The mine or torpedo that wrecked this ship did its work all too well.

GUTTED by fire, she broke in two on coming ashore. Her engine-room floats half a mile away.

The compressed air pumps of the salvage unit have been blowing the water out of her, but she will have to be broken up.

The salvage unit's gear depot in West Hartlepool was my last port of call.

I found a tall, expansive railway shed, cluttered up with large air compressors, coils of stout piping, giant shackles and pumps driven by three different sources of power—steam, petrol and electricity.

Surface craft supply the electric power for the submersible pumps.

Used mainly for increasing the air pressure within sunken vessels to refloat them, the compressed air machines also drive pneumatic drills

There were instruments for welding and cutting steel plates under water . . pulley-blocks capable of exerting a sixty-ton purchase.

All a glowing comment on man's technical ingenuity—if deeper reflections were not so depressing.

What's in a Badge?

"THREE pips on his shoulder, eh! Well, that makes him a Captain."

"Yes, but is a Captain in the Army equal to a Captain in the Navy?"

Such conversations as this, all too frequent now that there is hardly an omnibus that does not have an officer in the uniform of one of the three Services among its passengers, rarely have a satisfactory conclusion.

Even those who can distinguish various ranks don't know the relationship of various officers.

They don't know that a Captain in the Royal Navy, a Colonel in the Army or a Group Captain in the Royal Air Force are of equivalent rank.

Here are the commissioned ranks in the Senior Service with the corresponding ranks in the Junior Services:

Royal Navy.	*Army.*	*Royal Air Force.*
Admiral of the Fleet.	Field-Marshal.	Marshal of the R.A.F.
Admiral.	General.	Air Chief Marshal.
Vice-Admiral.	Lieut.-General.	Air Marshal.
Rear-Admiral.	Major-General.	Air Vice-Marshal.
Commodore. (First and Second Class)	Brigadier.	Air Commodore.
Captain.	Colonel.	Group Captain.
Commander.	Lieut.-Colonel	Wing-Commander.
Lieut.-Commander.	Major.	Squadron Leader.
Lieutenant.	Captain.	Flight Lieutenant.
Sub-Lieutenant.	Lieutenant.	Flying Officer.
Acting Sub-Lieutenant; Commissioned Officer from Warrant Rank.	Second Lieutenant.	Acting Pilot Officer (but Junior to Army ordinary rank).

A Lieutenant-General is of higher rank than a Major-General, because the lower rank was originally Sergeant-Major General.

If you become a Squadron Leader in the Royal Air Force you may expect a deferential salute from a Sub-Lieutenant in the Navy or an Army Lieutenant, but a Naval Captain is entitled to your salute.

SCANDINAVIA HOLDS THE BIG HEADLINES, BUT THE BALKAN POWDER-KEG MAY FLARE UP AT ANY MOMENT. HARRY GREGSON, "JOHN BULL'S" ROVING REPORTER, RECENTLY ON THE SPOT, TELLS YOU WHY YOU SHOULD

Watch the Balkans!

IN no country of the Balkans are the people more pro-Allied than in Yugoslavia.

In no Balkan country, with the possible exception of Bulgaria, is the Government more studiously neutral.

Yugoslavia sent copper, bauxite, maize and other goods to the value of £12,635,000 to Germany last year.

That represents one-third of her exports, and since the war Germany has been buying still more.

The same applies to Yugoslav purchases from Germany, which last year totalled £10,710,000.

This position may be modified as a result of Britain's new trade drive in the Balkans. But we can't alter geography, and those who think the economic war is already won must think again.

First of all, look at the map of Yugoslavia.

She has the longest frontiers of any Balkan State—475 miles with Italy and a coastline of 435 miles; 200 miles with Germany; 390 miles with Hungary; while Rumania, Bulgaria and Greece account for a further 845 miles

Most of these frontiers favour the aggressor rather than the defender. And Yugoslavia might have trouble with four of her neighbours, though officially she is on good terms with all of them.

Bulgaria has shelved her grievances regarding Macedonia, and is not likely to try to attack Yugoslavia in the rear as she did in the Great War.

Not likely—but in war nothing is certain.

HUNGARY presses only spasmodically her claim to those districts she lost to Yugoslavia as a result of the break-up of the Habsburg Empire.

If Yugoslavia were involved in war, the Hungarians' attitude would be less certain—they are excitable people.

Italy still remembers that Dalmatia was promised to her by the secret Treaty of London of 1915, which induced her to enter the Great War on the side of the Allies.

Officially she is not pressing this claim—but one never knows.

Germany, through the invasion of Austria, has acquired a common frontier with Yugoslavia.

She does not openly threaten Yugoslavia, but if Yugoslavia did not toe the line to Nazi trade requirements, she would do so.

Often I've been told in the Balkans:—

"You English people don't know what war is. You have lost many of your menfolk in war, but at home your trains run nearly normally, you do your shopping.

"When small countries like ours go to war, it means for many people that their houses go up in flames.

"Hundreds of thousands of men, women and children roam the countryside, penniless and starving."

When Hitler invaded Austria many British people dismissed the matter by saying: "The Austrians are Germans, after all."

But Hitler, through his action, brought his troops through Austria to the comparatively easy valleys leading from Graz into Yugoslavia. For the Yugoslavs, who have had to fortify this frontier at great expense, it is no joke.

When Italy seized Albania at Easter last year, she added another 250 miles to Yugoslavia's land frontiers, and opened a dangerous avenue to invasion.

Yugoslavia's most famous highway is that known in Roman times as the "Via Ægnatia," which begins at Durazzo, in Albania, and cuts across the "bottleneck" of southern Yugoslavia to Salonika. Hungary is Italy's best friend.

This map explains why the Yugoslav Government is so studiously neutral

No wonder Yugoslavia watches Mussolini just as closely as Turkey does!

Supposing Hitler and Mussolini made a deal at Yugoslavia's expense?

Not only have we consistently reinforced Germany's strategic hold on Yugoslavia during past years, but also her financial position.

Before Germany raped Czechoslovakia she had about £775,000 invested in Yugoslavia.

We gave her capital invested by Sudeten-German subjects at Munich, totalling £1,500,000. Germany then stole Czech capital valued at £2,205,000.

She stole another £1,830,000 Austrian capital, so to-day Germany has £6,310,000 invested in Yugoslavia (Britain has only £4,500,000), of which £5,530,000 was stolen.

We gave Germany the lead in foreign investments, and she has not ceased to reinforce her position by one-sided clearing agreements.

Still, Yugoslav officials deny that they are afraid of Germany.

I asked Dr. Tsvertkovich, the Yugoslav Premier, how the Allies could best reinforce their position in Yugoslavia.

He answered: "The French say, Find the woman; but I say, Find the solution of the economic problem."

Indeed, economics are the key to the political situation.

True, Yugoslavia and other small countries do not like being economically dependent on Germany, and the Yugoslavs have a trade mission in London just now.

Firstly, they think Germany will lose the war. Then their trade with Germany will collapse and they will have economic chaos.

SECONDLY, they do prefer British goods.

Finally, they want to know what is the use of buying German guns if Germany can withhold the ammunition for those guns in a crisis?

I have repeatedly noticed that Balkan statesmen harp on the economic theme when one wishes to talk of the war.

I may be wrong, but I gained the impression that they are so afraid of offending the Nazis that economics is the only subject they can safely discuss.

This again proves that however much we in Britain talk of "total economic war," Nazi threats and the fear these small countries have of being overrun will generally be more effective than the Allies' cash and control of armament supplies and essential raw materials.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Knitting for Soldiers at 84

FOR the last fifteen years I have been a liftman in a textile warehouse, and from the beginning of my employment 7s. 6d. has been deducted from my wages every week for two meals a day served on the premises.

Is it true that I can recover all the money my employers have deducted from my wages during the last fifteen years?

What is meant by the Truck Act?—*N. Jardain, Rhode Avenue, Coldfall, London, N.*

The Truck Act, 1831, was framed to stop employers paying employees in anything other than the current coin of the realm. The Act provides that any contract for payment of wages in other than current coin is "illegal, null and void." If you have not signed a contract with your employers in which you agree to deduction in lieu of food, you can recover the money deducted over a period of not more than twenty years.

Lazy Councillors

SUSPENSION of council elections—parochial, urban and rural district—for the duration of the war opens wide the door to grave abuses, to local retrogression; yet it is maintained for economy's sake at a time of national squandermania.

To-day a local council does entirely as it pleases, and is not answerable to the electorate. If a member should die, the other members are empowered to co-opt one of their friends.

Has the public no remedy?—*W. Corah, Drybrook, Coalville, Leics.*

Victory Flag-day

WHY not arrange a flag-day to help win the war?

There are thousands of people, unable to buy Savings Certificates, who would gladly give a few coppers to such a cause, and the Government would not have to pay interest on the money raised.—*F. H. Scotny, Endike Lane, Hull.*

Such is Life

MY wife, soon to be a mother, seems to radiate happiness. She is utterly indifferent to the possibilities of war, to horrors reported in the newspapers, and thinks only of the life to come at its appointed time.—*F. S., Parkgate, Rotherham.*

Grandma's Record

MY grandmother, aged 84 years, has made 14 pairs of pyjamas, four nightshirts, one day shirt, four hot-water bottle covers, and nine pairs of socks—apart from what she has made for grandsons and great-grandsons at the Front.

She was blind for two years, but after an operation for cataract now has the use of one eye.

Grandma can make a pair of pyjamas in a day (except the buttonholes), and complains that she has not enough work to do.—*M. Barley, Poplar Road, Botley, Oxford.*

£6,000,000 a Day

WE are always being reminded that war is costing us £6,000,000 a day. What is it costing Germany?

Apparently in acute financial difficulties for years, Germany still seems to be plodding along quite nicely. What's the secret?—*J. O'Connell, Dugard Avenue, Colchester.*

The answer lies in Hitler's desperate efforts to break the blockade.

Nelson "Touch"

I WISH JOHN BULL could persuade civilians to stop wetting their fingers and touching a sailor's collar for "luck."

It is far from lucky for a sailor when his clean collar is marred by dirty fingermarks, and the collar has to be washed and ironed—sometimes twice a day.—*J. F. Tatham, St. Domingo Vale, Everton, Liverpool.*

The superstition of touching a sailor's collar for "luck" has its origin in the "Nelson Touch." Each white bar around the edge of the collar commemorates one of the great admiral's victories.

Idle Hands

THERE is a growing scarcity of colliery workers. Yet hundreds of middle-aged men are idling their time away in mining villages.

Victims of silicosis, they have medical certificates proving them unfit for further work below ground.

In the present state of national emergency, these men could be of service on the land, where fresh air and quiet would do much to restore health and self-respect.—*J. Barber, Tyla Celyn Road, Rhondda, Glam.*

Lord of ★ Your Larder

IN THIS BRILLIANT PEN PORTRAIT OF LORD WOOLTON, THE NEW FOOD MINISTER, HANNEN SWAFFER REVEALS THAT THIS GENIAL BUSINESS BARON WAS THE FIRST MAN IN THIS COUNTRY TO GO TO WAR WITH HITLER

LORD WOOLTON, the new Minister for Food, started off in his new job by having to stop away from the Grand National.

He had planned to go, as usual, for he is a Liverpool man. Then, unexpectedly called to the Ministry of Food, he made, instead, a speech at the Queen's Hall.

His daughter, the Hon. Peggy Marquis, was at Aintree, "looking very smart in her A.T.S. uniform," as the local daily said. But Lord Woolton was making his first speech as a Minister.

Then on the air, a few nights later, he made what I thought was a model broadcast, an appeal to the women of England to save all the food they could.

Economy would require fewer ships needed for other purposes, and, for all they knew, save many seamen's lives.

Now, although there was criticism of several of the changes made by Neville in his Government, Lord Woolton's appointment was received with approval.

"We must give him every chance," were the coldest words said.

It is unfortunate that Lord Woolton is now a peer. I mean that the Minister of Food should be answerable to the Commons, where sit the M.P.s who represent the people. Besides, Lennox-Boyd, Assistant Minister, is of rather the Diehard type.

But Lord Woolton, his boss, has had more opportunities, during his life, of studying the needs of the people than most Ministers.

A self-made man, he was formerly a Fabian. Even to-day, he has Radical views on economics.

IN his earlier days he was a close friend of Keir Hardie, and, when quite young, head of the University Settlement on Merseyside. As such, he was brought into close contact with the problems of the masses.

Then he went to Lewis's, the big Liverpool store, which has branches in Manchester, Birmingham, Glasgow and Leeds.

It promises well for his job as Minister that he went to Lewis's as director of their social welfare.

Louis Cohen, the boss, had noticed the great work young Frederick Marquis, as he was then, was doing for the reclamation of Dockland. Quietly, he had helped his work financially.

It was as head of the David Lewis Men's Club that Frederick Marquis first began to study conditions in shops. He soon instituted many reforms that other employers would have done well to copy.

In many stores it meant dismissal for a girl assistant if she sat on the chairs which, by law—that is, Winston Churchill's Shops Act—had to be provided for the use of assistants. Officially, of course, another reason is given.

The rule was made in Lewis's, that a girl, if tired, should rest away from her job under ideal conditions. Indeed, she was blamed if she dragged her tired limbs about and did not seek a rest.

At a time when it was almost suicidal for a shop assistant to join a union, Marquis entered into a "wages and conditions" agreement with the Shop Assistants' Union, and urged the Government to make a national agreement on the same lines.

HE pointed out that shop assistants as a class were not well treated, although they were just as entitled to decent treatment as anyone else.

Another thing that can be said for Lord Woolton is that he was the first man to go to war with Germany.

As soon as Hitler marched into Austria, he withdrew every buyer from German territory. Not one of his shops has handled a German-made article since.

He made it known at the time that his peace terms were "Trade with Germany when Hitler goes."

When two colleagues of mine went to Liverpool to write about, and photograph, Lewis's Store, they saw Marquis spot a new girl in the toy department.

Marquis chuckled to himself. He told my friends, what they had noticed already—that she was the most aloof and proud-looking girl you would see in months.

"Indeed, she was ten times more beautiful than the average young thing from Mayfair," said my reporter pal, "but more stand-offish."

While the three watched, someone approached the girl, wanting to buy a toy. She tilted her head downwards, watched the customer walk away again, and then continued to stare at the ceiling.

"Now suppose you were an employer," said Marquis, "how would you handle a girl like that?"

"Sack her," said Jim Jarche, the photographer.

"Not at all," said Marquis. "She has had twenty years of training at home on how to look nice, and she does it well. She hasn't had a week's training here yet on how to make use of those nice looks. Watch me."

So Marquis walked up as a customer—she didn't know him from Adam—and asked her about some engines. He picked up some, wound them up, and then crouched down and ran them about on the floor.

"You bend over there," he said to the girl, "and I'll bend here, then we'll keep turning the toys round until they're unwound."

A crowd gathered—and the girl unbent.

Marquis patted her shoulder as he walked away and said, "It's wonderful what fun you can get out of modern toys. I wish I worked in your department."

Two hours later, when the three men returned, the girl was bending down, running engines all over the place and selling toys right and left.

His first war time job was equipping the Army with clothes. Although the country's entire peace time production of overcoat material was 300,000 yards a year, he had to get 1,500,000 yards of it a month.

"YOU'RE going to find it harder to get gloves for the Army than socks," said his wife. "They're harder to knit."

So, largely, the women of England are making socks in their spare time. Lord Woolton devoted his energies to gloves and mittens.

When he took over Army clothing, there were only nine firms in England turning wool into khaki. Now there are 1,000.

Incidentally, it is by a paradox that when Marquis became a baron, he went up and down at the same time. For baronets rank next to barons. And marquises come only one stage lower than dukes.

Secret Naval War-Room

DESCRIBING the meeting of the British War Cabinet to discuss Hitler's invasion of Scandinavia, the radio announcer said: "Mr. Churchill left the meeting early to go to the Admiralty."

Obviously the Navy was about to strike; but how does the Navy strike?

Looking even more grimly bulldoggish than usual, Mr. Churchill sped from 10, Downing Street to the building you've always identified by its massive wireless aerial at the north end of Horse Guards Parade, filling in the details of the high strategic naval policy conceived by the War Cabinet.

Up the Admiralty steps he strides along the corridors to the Board Room whom which he mobilised the Grand Fleet for the last war.

Members of his Board, knowing big things are afoot, are awaiting him.

Mr. Churchill takes his seat at the massive, highly polished, oblong table, watched eagerly by the expectant Board. You would recognise the finely-chiselled features of Admiral of the Fleet Sir Dudley Pound, but the majority of these naval Brass Hats are less familiar to you.

The Navy knows all these men. They are its best executive brains, functioning in an ornate room, heavily carpeted and panelled, with old-fashioned chandelier lighting.

A PORTRAIT of William the Fourth, Lord High Admiral in 1827, looks down over Mr. Churchill's shoulder. A windvane over the patterned marble mantelpiece dates back to 1707. A grandfather clock lazily ticktocks away the time.

The forceful voice of Mr. Churchill, rapping out the War Cabinet's decisions, brings you sharply back to 1940.

Action is swift.

Every detail of major strategy and tactics has previously been worked out.

It is but a matter of minutes before the orders of these men, executing the office of "Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom," go out in code by radio to the fighting sea lords concerned.

The action is on!

And Mr. Churchill and his Board wait for news in the War Room, the most secret room in Britain.

Every conceivable piece of information that can have any possible bearing on the operations now in progress is brought to them here.

Messages come from the Commander-in-Chief; from the aircraft commanders; from every port from which enlightenment about enemy movements can be gleaned; from Secret Service agents.

Information pours in unceasingly.

Enough can be told to give you a glimpse of what is happening in Mr. Churchill's secret room. He has described his sensations while encompassed by its four walls.

This is what happens when the Admiralty "clears the decks for action"

"THERE can be few purely mental experiences more charged with cold excitement than to follow, almost from minute to minute, the phases of a great naval action.

"Only the clock ticks, and quiet men enter with quick steps, laying slips of pencilled paper before other men equally silent, who draw lines and scribble calculations and point with the finger or make brief subdued comments.

"Telegram succeeds telegram, at a few minutes' interval, as they are picked up and decoded. . . . And out of these a picture, always flickering and changing, rises in the mind, and imagination strikes out around it at every stage flashes of hope and fear."

And points with the finger!

They are pointing to this or that spot on a map of the world so large that an average-sized carpet in your home won't cover a quarter of it.

And as they point they move pins representing the ever-changing position of ships engaged in the action.

Attack and counter-attack are being fought with those pins, and they move faster than ever now that the Air Force has become the eyes of the Navy.

Those in the War Room at the Admiralty alone know *all* that is going on. They alone have all the latest minute-by-minute information, pouring in through countless channels, at their finger-tips.

Occasionally orders are flashed to the fighting sea lord, and the skill with which he carries out these orders will mean all the difference between victory and defeat.

While the fighting Navy wages the battle in and under and over the waters, it is fought in its supreme direction with pins from the War Room in Whitehall!

CHICKS and EGGS will save Meat

Fighting on sea, land, and in the air has flared up.

What of the Home Front?

Continuing its countryside enquiry, "John Bull" reveals how much needs doing so urgently in this vital sphere.

DENMARK over-run! One of Britain's most useful larders is closed.

It is a larder that was going to be of less and less use to us as the war went on. The Food Ministry makes that clear.

Before the German invasion Britain had found other sources for much that Denmark used to supply. We shall have no difficulty in getting the rest elsewhere.

But getting it means ships.

It means ships travelling many, many more perilous miles than is represented by the distance between Britain and Denmark.

It means bigger and yet bigger perils for merchant seamen, who meet with dangers enough already.

And that is why the new Food Minister, Lord Woolton, is looking to *you*. Have you a back garden? If so, you're just the man he's wanting.

He doesn't know anything about the battle of Waterloo being won on the playing fields of Eton, because he doesn't know Eton. But he knows the back gardens of Britain.

He says that one of the biggest battles of this war is going to be won on those back gardens.

THIS COUNTRY NEEDS *SEVEN THOUSAND MILLION* EGGS A YEAR; NEEDS THOSE EGGS—NOT MERELY EATS THEM.

In a typical year, we produced 3,700,000,000 of them ourselves, imported the other 3,300,000,000.

BUT see what war has done!

Holland, Denmark and Poland used to let us have 60 per cent. of our imports.

And we have just seen the biggest slaughter of poultry.

Through the Government failing to supply poultry farmers with sufficient poultry-food (JOHN BULL has already said all it is going to say about that fiasco) millions of chickens have been killed.

The killings have been put as high as 25 per cent. of our livestock.

Now there is some official recognition that our poultry industry ranks in size and importance with our boot and shoe and hosiery industries. It sells £30,000,000 worth of produce in home markets every year.

This belated recognition is marked by supplies of poultry food being vastly improved.

But quality is inferior.

What the industry knows as the "conversion figure"—the quantity of eggs produced to the quantity of food consumed—goes down again, because our fewer hens are less in the laying mood.

And the Food Minister looks to you to help in finding thousands of millions of extra eggs required during the war.

IF YOU HAVE A PIECE OF GROUND TEN FEET BY SIX—KEEP CHICKENS.

Don't be put off by neighbours frowning on it.

Convince them how important it is to the war effort, and get them to keep poultry, too.

Don't run out and buy the first livestock offered to you. There are always people exploiting abnormal demands, and war brings them out of their shells.

Mr. A. P. Thompson, secretary of the National Utility Poultry Society, tells JOHN BULL that huge quantities of rubbish are being offered to would-be poultry keepers.

Beware of them as you would the plague. Mr. Thompson says they are the plague—the poultry plague.

If you write to him at 4, Arne Street, W.C.2, he will tell how to buy good stock without buying disease.

Eggs are listed by the Ministry of Food as among the most important "protective" foods essential in war time. That's what hens will give you largely in return for kitchen waste and garden leavings of the right sort.

If you haven't ten feet of ground by six feet—what's wrong with rabbits?

By keeping between two and six breeding does of the right kind, you will soon be having a *weekly* rabbit to augment your meat ration.

Rabbits suit the man who works all day, because they don't necessarily have to be fed during the daylight. Their skins have a good value, if you learn how to dress them properly—we exported £1,500,000 worth last year! And much of their diet is composed of waste material.

The first rabbits were natives of Spain. Early Spanish and Portuguese explorers always carried them with them, knowing that wherever they put rabbits future food supplies would be assured.

They came to Britain after the Domesday Book had been written. Rich people kept rabbit-warrens, so that they would have meat even when a hard winter made transport impossible.

WHAT a testimonial the rabbit has as war time standby!

It's worth while remembering how the rabbit helped to save the situation in the last war. There were times when they cost as much as 5s. and 6s. a couple.

Now a word to the Government—and a few score local authorities.

We have heard of hundreds of instances of officials deliberately discouraging men wanting to help their country by producing poultry, eggs, rabbits.

It is the common practice of Public Assistance Committees to tell unemployed men that if they are keeping chickens they must lose some of their allowances.

Many men lose from 2s. to 2s. 6d. a week in such circumstances. There is one instance in our files of a man who has 8s. of his weekly money held back.

It's about time even official committees learned we are at war. They might not be so parsimonious if they had to sail the food ships themselves.

Then there are the councils which try to ban the keeping of poultry and rabbits in gardens, as if it were something scarcely respectable.

MORLEY (Yorks) Council reminded a council tenant: "You live in a residential area. You *can't* keep chickens."

A high official of Liverpool Housing Committee said of a similar applicant: "Imagine the noise."

Halifax and Conway Councils turned their noses to high heaven when local council tenants asked permission to keep a few head of poultry.

"It is not in the public interest," said Salisbury City Council to council tenants who wanted their own egg supply. Nobody was quick enough to ask whether it was more in "the public" interest to spend British sterling buying meat in Argentina and shipping it to Britain at the possible cost of men's lives.

Dewsbury Council is among many that have actually threatened eviction to tenants wanting to follow the Government's advice about producing poultry, rabbits, and eggs.

Hull refuses to give permission for building sheds to house rabbits.

The Government wishes that there were fowls or rabbits in every back garden. Yet it is almost as discouraging as some of the local councils.

It is giving allotment-holders some protection against being turned out when the war is over, but it gives none to poultry- and rabbit-keepers.

COUNCILS that are permitting ratepayers to build chicken-runs and rabbit-hutches will be able to insist on the demolition of these buildings as soon as peace is declared.

The Government should devise a national mash or meal for poultry (the contents depending on the national resources at any particular moment) and see that every poultry-keeper has his fair share.

Poultry farmers have lost £20 worth of poultry a night to foxes. The local hunts have given to the hounds food that poultry farmers can't buy for their poultry.

Yet fox-hunters have actually been rearing fox-cubs—to give more sport to well-fed hounds.

Let the new Food Minister tell the Cabinet that he wants more food from British back gardens.

He must add: "And I am going to let no question of fox-hunting, or so-called 'respectability' or official stubbornness stand in the way."

He will have the country behind him.

He will certainly have JOHN BULL behind him.

It took the last war to make our great poultry industry, not yet as great as it might be, and a few months ago there was a danger that this war would finish it off entirely.

Now is the chance to make it the great industry that it deserves to be.

How Wives Can Help!

THOUSANDS of women filling the Queen's Hall, London, W., gasped with astonishment when told by Lord Woolton, the Food Minister, that the "spoonful of tea for the blessed pot," which is quite unnecessary, means sixty shiploads a year in the aggregate.

So here are a few more gasps.

*

All the sugar yielded by a county as big as Essex is wasted by women who sweeten fruits before, instead of after, they are cooked.

*

Many housewives waste 30 per cent. of a potato in peeling it. As most of the nutriment is just under the skin, they are throwing away in food value 9½d. of every 1s. they spend on potatoes.

*

Only two of twenty-one housewives questioned by JOHN BULL made use of bacon rinds; nineteen thought it was "carrying economy to extremes."

More than 24,000 tons of fat are thrown away annually with bacon rinds, and the rinds themselves would improve soup immensely.

*

Queen Mary always insisted on bacon rinds being used in soups for the Royal table.

*

Be thankful for the housewife who carries a shopping basket and says, "Don't bother to wrap it up."

Bearing in mind weight and bulk, paper pulp is the most difficult of all cargoes. Women who say, "Don't wrap it up," save ships in scores, lives in hundreds.

Here's some work of national importance for women

—but they Must be CHEAP

"Grow more food," pleads the Minister of Agriculture.

"Waste less food," urges the Minister of Food.

TO these useful slogans JOHN BULL adds: "Give the people all the food we can spare at a price they can afford."

Otherwise, the rest of our food effort is useless.

It is officially admitted that cereals are up by 50 per cent.; meat, fish and eggs by 33 per cent.; other foods by 36.

Your food is costing you 40 per cent. more.

It is too big an increase, an unjustifiable increase.

There is plenty of evidence that the public can't pay it.

Behind the Government's decision to double the butter ration was some excellent work by the Food Ministry to make sure of supplies.

Butter consumption doubled in Mayfair, as the Food Ministry hoped it would double everywhere.

But it increased by 25 to 40 per cent. only in most districts. In a few poor districts it hardly increased at all.

The kind words of the Food Ministry buttered no parsnips.

Butter at the fixed price of 1s. 7d. is cheaper butter for well-to-do people who used to pay 1s. 8d.

Out of Reach

But for people who used to pay 1s., and then get some trading gift coupon with it, it is butter out of reach.

The decision to allow every adult 1s. 10d. worth of meat a week meant that you were going to be allotted 1s. 3½d. worth of meat and charged 1s. 9d. for it.

Again, what happened? JOHN BULL asked three butchers.

One, **in a working-class district, is entitled to sell £4,000 worth of meat a week, but sells only £2,970.**

A second, **whose customers are people round the £4 to £8 a week mark, sells £2,800 worth, although he is entitled to sell £3,500.**

A third, in one of London's "best" districts, sells every pennyworth he is entitled to sell. Smart young housewives try their best to get a bit more out of him.

His customers can afford expensive substitutes for meat that nobody would dare to call offal.

It is the same with bacon and ham.

Most retailers find that prices put supplies beyond reach of many of their customers.

Because of their inability to buy foods to which they were accustomed but can no longer afford, millions of people have turned to butter beans, haricots and dried green peas.

All Vitamins

They are wonderful foods. Few foods are richer in the most valuable vitamins than dried peas. But, again, what has happened?

Because so many poor people want them 2d. a lb. dried peas have soared to 6d. Twopence a lb. haricots sell at 5d. and 6d. Butter beans that used to be 2½d. and 3d. a lb. are now 7d., 8d. and 9d. a lb.

The Ministry is subsidising certain essential foodstuffs. We are glad of that.

Yet the Ministry ought to realise that few people are so poor that they want to eat nothing but two or three essentials.

They want their dried peas.

What would Lancashire be without her pease-pudding? And we can prove that people who used to buy good marrowfats at 2d. a lb. are now paying 6d. for peas produced for cattle food.

Working-class homes have their little luxuries like the homes that can buy caviare and *pâté de foie gras*.

Pineapple is one.

A brand of tinned pineapple, selling extensively in London at 2½d. the flat tin before the war, is now offered at 5½d., more than 100 per cent. increase.

Many of these luxuries of the working home have been doubled in price.

But no official price lists admit any price increases higher than 40 per cent.!

Officials can prove that women buying the best back of bacon are not really paying much more for their bacon.

Probably not.

But the woman who used to get cheap cuts at 10d. a lb. and is now compelled to take best back is probably paying twice as much as before.

There are many villages in Britain where it was possible to buy 7d. a lb. cheese before the war, but no cheese is to be had now under 1s. 8d. a lb.

For many people the cost of food has gone up by 40 per cent. But for many well-to-do people it has gone up hardly at all. And the poorest of the poor are faced with the steepest increase of the lot.

We know the difficulties.

It costs as much to transport the working man's tin of sardines as the rich man's caviare.

But, surely, with the Food Minister buying all foods at source and controlling them right up to the table, it would be possible to let caviare and asparagus and even such tinned fruits as grapefruit carry the major burden of increased transport charges.

Essential Food

The same with insurance, an important factor in present-day prices.

There should be all-round control of food prices.

The Ministry of Food should aim at making all the essential foodstuffs, as well as a few minor luxuries, as cheap as possible, even if it loses money on them here and there.

There are plenty of other foods on which it can compensate itself with a profit.

Sir John Orr, the authority on food, pointed out that our problem is to get one-third of the people through this war.

The rest can look after themselves

Argue It Out. *By Pallas*

Music—and the Anvil

THERE is no limit to the diversity of ways by which men approach Life. Some work all their years for a pittance, yet snatch a little happiness. Others have luxury thrust on them and know nothing but unrest and discontent.

It all depends what music we ring out of the anvil of Life.

Some strike a merry note; others a long dirge.

Two men died recently.

One was Harry Tate, the comedian, who gave laughter to the world. In forty years he made more than £100,000. When he died he was worth £1,049.

Now Harry Tate rang gay music from the anvil.

He loved to give to others, liked to see happy people around him. He left at his home many I O U s —debts that he never tried to collect.

HE made money, spent it, gave it away.

Probably false friends sponged on the famous comedian. That always is the fate of the too-generous soul. But if a man gets happiness out of his giving, he has had some return for his toil.

"He gave to others."

A fine requiem, harmonising with the music that the giver has rung from the anvil.

The second man died because he was too mean to live. The anvil brought him only a dull pounding that stifled in him whatever idea of living he may have had.

People in the Glasgow tenement house pitied Lawrence Langan, a fifty-six-year-old labourer. He was thin, underfed, miserable. He lived on scraps of food. He went about in rags. And when he collapsed and died miserably, like a dog beaten by the stress of life, he was emaciated.

But the hunger that had hastened his end was self-imposed.

UNDER his mean bed was found a trunk containing stocks, securities and bank balances worth £2,788.

He had denied himself tobacco.

He never had a glass of ale.

He sat in the darkness of his room rather than put a penny in the gas meter.

He made no attempt to ring from the anvil the harmony that all men and women should try to produce. He had toiled in a sand quarry, hoarding his shillings; he had clung to a terrible existence, half-starved in the midst of the plenty he had slaved for.

Langan was typical of others who go through life courting misery and gloom instead of searching for happiness. I know men who have grubbed for money all their lives. And to what end?

Merely that others may enjoy that which was amassed so laboriously?

They leave money to relatives they have scarcely known. In life they have neglected themselves and others, blinded by the obsession that money is a god.

NOW money has its virtues.

I don't mean big money. Riches bring care and worry and great obligations. But to the man who is comfortably off, money may mean salvation.

When money is transformed into a pleasant home, the ability to bring up children decently, a car, perhaps, a garden—it is a great brake to the man tempted to cut adrift.

The man without a stake in the country has little to lose if he falls by the wayside. The man with possessions has these things to consider when he contemplates taking a step that may wreck his career, his home, and the things he holds dear.

Many a pleasant home standing proudly to the world to-day would disintegrate if it had not been for the things that have been built by the use of money.

Alas, there might be many more pleasant homes if the money that came into them were used in wiser ways.

It all depends on the music you ring from that anvil of toil and leisure, misery and happiness, which we call Life.

Your money won't bring you music after you have gone.

But it may provoke some sardonic laughter from those enjoying it.

● *"If you've got a top-hat," said Corney, "why not wear it. Saves buying a new one." And that's the sort of man who wanted a street lamp all to himself . . .*

WILL SCOTT *tells you in this light-hearted short story why Corney was mad enough to set out to buy*

The Street Lamp . . .

IN long, long years to come, if it is still there, somebody's great-great-grandchildren will wonder why Corney's is called "The Street Lamp."

It always used to be known as "Corney's," and it still is to those who have known it since it began. But to the others—and the others outnumber by three to one those who have known it since it began—it is known simply as "The Street Lamp." And always will be.

There were plenty of people who though. Corney was mad when he went round the town trying to buy a street lamp. Because it was pretty well known that he was trying to buy a street lamp long before it was known what he was trying to buy a street lamp *for*.

A street lamp! In times like these! Mad was the only word.

But, ages back, they had said Corney was mad for opening the place at all. He looked a bit mad, which is a help if you want to get that kind of a reputation. For one thing, he wore a top hat with an ordinary suit, which seemed a bit queer to most.

"Why," they asked, "wear a top hat? Nobody else does."

And Corney would say: "Why not, if you've got a top hat. It saves buying a new one."

So that it seems rather to depend on what you mean by mad, doesn't it?

Anyway, Corney's top hat got Corney talked about, just as, years and years later, Corney's quest for a street lamp got Corney talked about. And anything that got Corney talked about seemed to be good for the business.

The business began in the tiniest way. It began in Corney's front room. This was just after the last war.

Corney had about enough to live on, if you didn't mind *how*. He didn't have to work, either. So he put a card in his front window with the word TEAS on it, and it brought in a bit of pocket-money.

They were good teas you got at Corney's, even back in those early days. They began to make a name for themselves. Mrs. Corney prepared them and Corney got all the credit. It always was an unjust world.

Well, as time went on Corney's began to spread. The business spread from the front room into the back room. In the summertime it spread into the garden. It spread after a time upstairs, and Corney had to build out at the back for somewhere to live.

WHAT did it in the end was the cakes. Corney had found the recipe about ten counties away, but he didn't tell anybody that. He called them "Corneys," and people came from far and wide to sample them.

All this time the place looked like what it was—an old-time cottage down a long garden. It had wide bow windows and a low porch. In fact, it didn't look at all unlike a country pub, with the small town grown all round it.

One Easter Monday, about bed-time, it dawned on Corney that more cars than ever had gone past his garden. He didn't like the way they went past. And when it happened all over again—only more so—on Whit Monday, he realised what was the only thing to be done.

"The garden," said Corney, "*goes*."

And, after being there for nobody knew how many generations, the garden went.

IN its place was a large crazy-paved area covered with green tables and chairs, with enough room left over for a dozen cars to be parked, if they felt like stopping. And they *did*.

And Corney, at the end of the day, used to stand in the middle of the crazy-paved patch and look back at the house and rub his hands.

Twelve years ago, that . . .

It got so that they had to employ a cook and waitresses, and Mrs. Corney began to find life almost as easy as did Corney himself.

In the summer, at the peak, you couldn't get near the place. The fame of Corney's teas and Corney's cakes had spread for miles. And the people who had to be turned away grumbled.

Even in the winter time you'd have been surprised. Then Corney specialised in a shilling fish supper which used to bring them in by car from far and near. He gave one room over to billiards, and "Corney's" became a haunt.

On a winter's evening it was quite a sight. The crazy-paved patch covered with parked cars, the lamp above the porch, the lights blazing merrily from the bow windows. It looked like a Christmas card.

Oh yes, everybody went to Corney's.

"One of these days we shall have to rebuild," he told Mrs. Corney. "All that space in front—it will have to go. We shall have to take it all in and build right out to the street line."

"Not this year, dear?" said Mrs. Corney, who wondered where Corney was going to finish.

"NOT this year, no," agreed Corney, "but one of these years. We shall have to."

He used to bring up the idea every summer, and at last, after he heard a turned-away customer saying, "Corney's is all right, but you can never get *in*," he made up his mind.

"We start," he said, "right away."

And they started. Right away.

This was the summer of last year. 1939. . . .

It was a terrible muddle, but they had to put up with that. The idea was to erect the shell of the new building all round the crazy-paved area by the autumn, join up the two buildings in the early weeks of winter by pulling down the old front, finish off the interior and equip it by the spring and have everything ready for the thousands of cars that would be coming along this summer.

This summer.

1940.

Well, the front wall went up. It ruined the look of the crazy-paved area, but the signs of activity were a good advertisement for Corney. The side walls crept back. They reached the old house and were joined on, so that you couldn't see the old front from the road at all.

You could still, at week-ends, when the builders weren't working, have your tea and cakes at the green tables and chairs, with the blue sky above you, but you did feel rather walled-in and it looked a trifle silly with the old bow-windowed front as the fourth wall of the new premises.

"That will come down in the autumn," said Corney. "The whole

(Continued on page 22)

In times like these

old friends are best

If you take Beechams Pills you will feel so much younger, livelier and happier. Your skin will freshen, your eyes will brighten—and every day your system will function gently and naturally—*as it should*. Beechams Pills are purely vegetable, famous for ninety years.

take **Beechams Pills**

Worth a guinea a box

Bessie wont be in today...

and I told her to take some **POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES**

★ INSTANT RELIEF *in CATARRH, BRONCHITIS, CONGESTION, HAY FEVER etc.*

It's foolish to fool with a cold. Yesterday, Bessie had a 'slight' cold. Today, she's in bed really ill. That cold took hold. You cannot "fool around" with a cold—too many people have found that out—to their cost later, in bronchitis, pneumonia, asthma and worse.

At the first signs of a "sniffle," pop a pleasant-tasting, quick-acting Potter's Catarrh Pastille in your mouth. Instantly it starts its good work—dissolving phlegm, cutting out catarrh and inflammation, spreading its aromatic healing fumes through the lungs—making short work of that cold.

Marvellously effective, too, in warding off infection in buses, tubes, trains and cinemas during 'flu epidemics.

Put up in handy tins for pocket and handbag. 1/3 any chemists or 1/4½ post free from sole makers:

POTTER & CLARKE LTD.
68Y, Artillery Lane, London, E.1.
(Makers of POTTER'S ASTHMA CURE)

POTTER'S CATARRH PASTILLES

C.P.7

How three women are "doing their bit"

DOCTOR H-A's WIFE:

"Dick's practice was almost halved with the war. So although we've a large house, the staff had to be cut. The one 'economy' I really dreaded was doing the washing—till I got my Acme. I soon found you can't help doing your wash expertly with an Acme. And the hours that Acme's saved me—to say nothing of the laundry bills!"

SAYS MRS. "BANK CLERK"

"Of course, my husband's never been exactly 'overpaid'. And when his sister and her two children came to stay 'for the duration'—something had to be done. The expense, the work, the washing! Monday washday became a weekly crisis—till we put our heads together and decided on an Acme. That saved the situation. Turn the Acme handle and the really tiring part of the wash is done for you. And look what you save on laundries!"

ACTING L/CPL. STOTT's WIFE

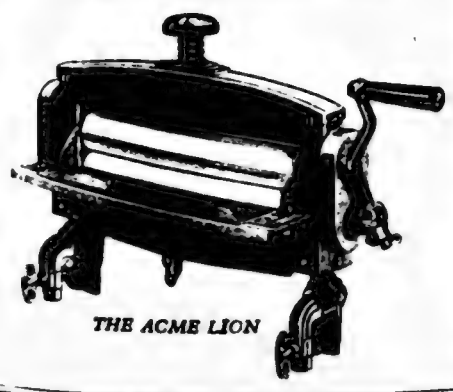
"Well, I'm carrying on as best as I can. Not easy, but I 'grin and bear it'. Shouldn't know what to do without my Acme, though. It's 'another pair of hands' to me. Whatever else may go wrong, my washing is something I'm still proud of, with its 'dazzling, crisp-like' finish."

Acme—*an urgent necessity in every home today*

The greatest help you can have to-day—is an Acme! This famous wringer always so useful in the home, is now a real necessity to every woman. Let an Acme save you all those laundry bills. Let an Acme do the hard thankless task of wringing and mangling—do it quicker, better than ever you could.

Scientifically built on the best engineering practice, Acme employs the "cantilever pressure" system. Ingenious, simple, quick! Just a turn or two of the screw top—and you "set" the rubber rollers to the precise pressure you want. You can feed your Acme with a huge thick blanket one moment—next moment, with a turn of the screw, it is ready to take flimsy undies. The Acme wrings—but never crushes.

Why not decide at once? Why not go straight to your hardware dealer and buy the finest wringer in the world—the Acme!



THE ACME LION

The Portable Acme, as illustrated, costs 47/6 for the 16-inch size: 45/6 for the 14-inch size. If you have more room, choose the Acme Folding Stand model—80/-. All three models are fully described in booklet D1, obtainable from your Hardware Dealer or post free from Acme Wringers, Ltd., David Street, Glasgow, S.E.

ACME LION GIVES YOU:
Cantilever pressure. Cushion rubber rollers. Patent reversible drain. The turning handle folds away. Unbreakable pressed steel frame. Rust-proof, chip-proof finish. Die-cast cog wheels. Rustless "oiled" bearings. Choice of 9 clamp fittings. 10 year guarantee.

Every Acme is a wringer, mangle, cleanser—all in one!

Do you know-

how to cook unrationed meats?

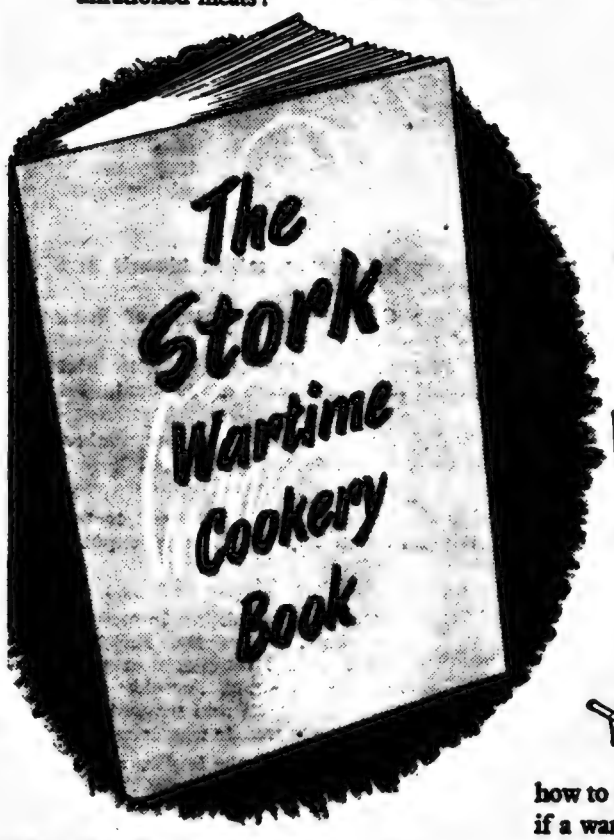
how to save money on meat dishes?

how to use up scraps?

how to make cakes without sugar?

the best ways to use tinned foods?

how to save your dinner if a warning comes?



This FREE book tells you

THE answers to all these and many more problems are all in the new "Stork Wartime Cookery Book." Everything has been thought of—all the ways to save money, to save waste, and to save anxiety about wartime food and still have the most interesting and nourishing meals. There's even a chapter for grass widowers—elementary instruction which lots of men will find extremely helpful.

Get a copy of this free book right away. With Stork and its Sunshine Vitamins A and D to make all your meals extra nourishing, and The Stork Wartime Cookery Book to give you a wide variety of dishes, you can just stop worrying about wartime meals.

Important Announcement

In recent months the name of Stork has been on the lips of every housewife in the country. Its wonderful popularity has grown still wider; more and more Stork is wanted everywhere. To meet this enormous demand the manufacturers are working day and night without ceasing. Raw materials are controlled however, and in fairness to everybody all the Stork produced is being evenly distributed throughout the country.

Cut this out and post today

Please send me a copy of your Free Book "The Stork Wartime Cookery Book," which contains REGULO MARKS for all baked dishes.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

Fill in your name and address and send this voucher to The Stork Company (Dept. W208), Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4, in an unsealed ½d-stamped envelope.

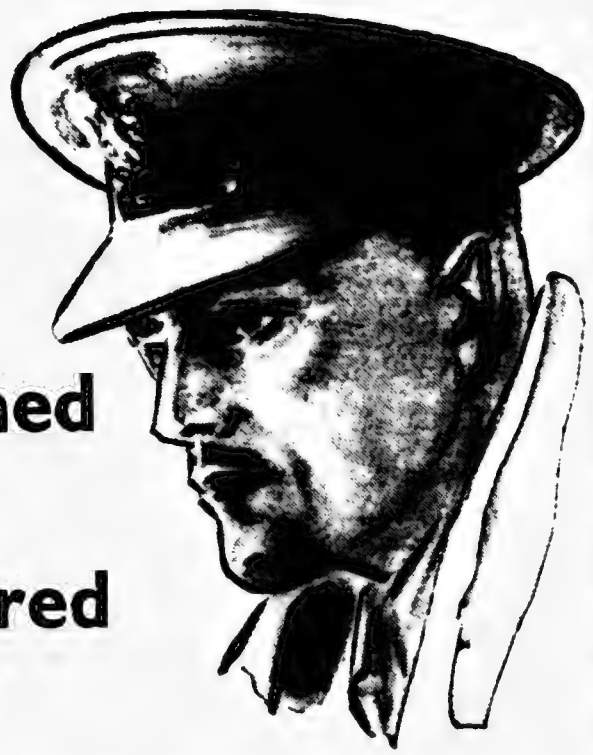
(PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS)

STORK MARGARINE

Wins your favour with its flavour

JSC 6-66-65

3-Minute Mystery



? Drowned or Murdered ?

CAPTAIN CONNOLLY, of the Military Intelligence, settled himself in a chair in the Police Inspector's office.

"I believe you're holding Private Grierson on a charge of being suspected of murder," he began. "What's it all about?"

"Well, he took a young boy, Artie Jarrold, on a fishing trip with him yesterday afternoon. About a dozen people saw them leave in the boat. No one saw them come back.

"Yet Jarrold did not return home, and this morning his body was washed up by the tide. He'd been drowned, and there were bruises on his head!"

"What does Grierson say?"

"Just that Jarrold was seasick outside the harbour, and he returned to put him ashore before going out alone. We can't find any witnesses to support this statement."

"Death was due to drowning?"

"Yes, of course," said a professional-looking man who was sitting in another arm-chair. "I'm Dr. Hastings, and I've just completed a post-mortem on young Jarrold. The quantity of sand and sea-water in his lungs proves he was drowned."

"What about the bruises on the boy's head?" Connolly asked. "Were they made before or after death?"

"That I can't say."

"Was he alive or dead when his body entered the water?"

"If he'd been dead the sand and the water could not have entered his lungs in such quantities."

"Have you any other clues or information, Inspector?" asked Connolly after a brief pause.

"What you've just heard is all we know, yet I'm holding Grierson 'on suspicion' until I find out just exactly what happened."

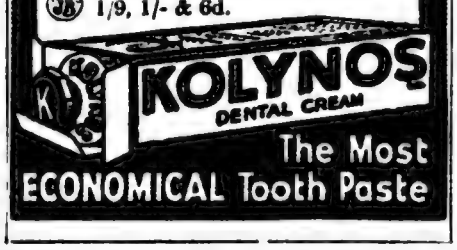
"Then I don't think you'll hold him long," Connolly added. "From what you and the doctor have told me, it's quite clear what happened."

WHAT DID CONNOLLY MEAN? WHAT DID HAPPEN?

(See page 26)

If the dull and unattractive condition of your teeth is robbing you of your charm try KOLYNOS. To-day, more than ever before, a happy smile is appreciated—and remembered. So use KOLYNOS, the refreshing tooth paste and your teeth will be whiter, brighter and sparkling with new lustre.

Of all Chemists and Stores 1/9, 1/- & 6d.



The Most ECONOMICAL Tooth Paste

Continuing Will Scott's Short Story

Talk about Paris by Night!

place will be knocked into one. The roof will go on . . . ."

July followed June, and people wondered. August followed July, and people wondered more than ever.

September came.

Sunday, September 3 . . . .

And everybody was positive that that was the end of Corney's.

To start with, everybody seemed to vanish, as everybody seemed to vanish everywhere in those early days of September 1939. Corney's winter "regulars" shrank to a quarter of their former strength.

People began to point to the roofless shell of the new building and refer to it as "Corney's Folly."

Corney thought of all he had sunk in the lidless shell of the new building and gave himself a headache.

"We shall never get it back now," he moaned. "Never. Might as well go to the workhouse right away and begin to get used to it!"

And the "regulars" shrank and shrank, saying they were sorry, but what with the black-out and (in the case of motorists) having to go easy with the petrol . . . .

But one evening, going home from shopping in the dusk, Corney stopped and stared at a street lamp. A war time street lamp. Lightless. Blacked-out.

"Waste of time!" said Corney to himself.

He went on staring at the street lamp.

"Two a penny!" was his next odd remark.

And when he got home he sat down in his old armchair and didn't move for an hour.

Corney had his thinking-cap on.

The next day he went to see the surveyor.

"I want to get the roof on my new part," he said.

The surveyor smiled and explained about private building and the war.

"I know," said Corney. "But all the material has been on the site since before the war, and I know a couple of chaps who could get on with it."

And so, as things can be, it was arranged, and the roof began to go on the new part of Corney's.

PEOPLE'S mouths dropped open.

"Going off his head," they said.

And then the story began to get about that he was going round the town trying to buy a street lamp.

And then they said: "*Gone* off his head!"

Corney could have got a street lamp from the gas company, but at the gas company's price. Corney wanted a street lamp at Corney's price, and he found one at last in a junk yard.

The curious gathered round in droves.

"What do you want with a street lamp, Corney?" they asked.

"To light my new premises," Corney answered.

"To light your new premises?"

"Yes."

"A street lamp?"

"Yes."

"Crazy!" said the curious, and walked away.

But when Corney began to advertise his Grand Reopening they began to wonder. The first week he advertised merely that the new Corney's would be *genuine pre-war*. The second week, in big type, he shouted that the new Corney's would be the *only place in Britain that was not blacked-out*.

"Come to Corney's," was one of his slogans, "where the lights are UP!"

And if you do you'll have to go early, because the place is always crowded.

You go through the entrance to the new part, into a small blue-lit lobby. You pass through a second door—and suddenly you've slipped back twelve months.

IN the centre of what used to be the garden is a street lamp, shining brightly. At the far side of the big open space is what used to be the outside of the old building. The lamp above the porch is alight again. All the windows are glowing merrily, upstairs and down.

"It's lucky," you may hear Corney say, "that I hadn't demolished the old front when war broke out."

You sit on what used to be a pavement outside the old bow windows. Or under the street lamp. Waiters dash about everywhere.

You can go "indoors" if you like. But who wants? With the "outside" all lit up and radiators to keep you warm.

Yes, it pulls them in, that line: "The only place in Britain that is not blacked-out."

Or, as Corney puts it:

"Talk about Paris by night!"

And just now, at any rate, Paris by night isn't in it.

By "Poolex"

WITH fifty matches on the "Unity" coupon, a typical make-up of results is 30 homes, 7 or 8 draws and 12 or 13 aways. Of course, there are variations week by week.

Dividing the coupon, you find that fourteen or fifteen games are used for the two penny pools (12 results and 14-match points pools). As an average, these games produce seven "1's," three "x's" and five "2's."

The proportion of "2's" is high in the penny pool games, but please don't write suggesting permuting all the penny pool games for the aways pool. (It needs 1,365 columns to permute 15 games in groups of four.)

Remaining 35 games (those not on the penny lists) produce a bigger percentage of home winners. Average figures are 22-23 homes, 4 or 5 draws and 7 or 8 aways.

Some of these 35 games are only available for the 10 results and 3 draws pools, and in an average week there are 16 games appearing on this nothing-barred list. It is this group of games that produces the highest proportion of "1's."

A normal make-up is twelve home wins among sixteen games.

The other 19 games, which are available for all lists (excluding the penny lists) average 11 home wins, 3 draws and 5 aways.

THE SEVEN STAGES OF INDIGESTION

Indigestion starts insidiously. Slight symptoms if neglected rapidly get worse. This is how your pain and danger may develop. At first there is

1 DISCOMFORT AFTER MEALS
Perhaps just a slight feeling of fullness as though you have eaten too much. This is followed by

2 FLATULENCE
with painful distension of the stomach and perhaps palpitation and wind round the heart. This indicates a condition of

3 ACIDITY
which means that too much acid is being manufactured in your stomach. The acid eats away at the stomach lining causing

4 INFLAMMATION
You cannot digest your food, each meal is followed by a feeling of

5 SICKNESS
Nothing will agree with you, and although you feel hungry you daren't eat. As the acid eats away so your condition leads on to

6 ULCERATION
which means that the acid has actually eaten into the stomach lining and if you still neglect it, you may be faced with an

7 OPERATION
At nearly all these stages MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder can bring relief! Even at the last stage of all notable results have been achieved. But it is only common sense to realise that the sooner you deal with your digestive trouble the QUICKER will you be free from pain, discomfort and danger. No case of indigestion is too serious for MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder to tackle and conquer.

ACCEPT THIS OFFER!

Get a bottle of MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder TO-DAY. If you are not completely satisfied with the results, return the empty carton to Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford and the money you paid will be refunded in full. MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder is only genuine if the signature "Alex C. Maclean" appears on bottle, carton or tin.

Alex C. Maclean

ALSO IN HANDY TABLET FORM
POCKET TINS 6 9 & 1 3
BOTTLES 1/3 2/- & 5/-

MACLEAN BRAND Stomach Powder From all Chemists
1/3, 2/- & 5/- PER BOTTLE

SOME PEOPLE STAND WAR STRAIN BETTER THAN OTHERS—WHY?

There are 3 Sleep Groups

WHICH DO YOU BELONG TO?

HOW are you taking the war? It's a curious fact that some people suffer much more than others from war strain. Even though they sleep 8 or 9 hours every night they feel depressed, "nervy," tired, unable to throw off war worry.

Scientists explain it by pointing out that a great many people belong to the wrong sleep group. We are all classified into 3 levels or groups of sleep.

Those in the 1st Sleep Group get perfect rest for their brain and nerves even from a short night's sleep. They find they can stand up splendidly to war worry and anxiety.

But the trouble with people in the 2nd and 3rd Sleep Groups is that their brain and nerves are kept active all night by the body's excess acid waste products, which accumulate in the blood.

Scientists searched for a food or drink that would neutralize those excess acid waste products. Horlicks alone proved completely successful. Taken at bedtime, Horlicks gives body, nerves and brain complete repose, and ensures 1st Group Sleep every night.

Start taking Horlicks tonight. This nourishing, well-balanced food will neutralize the acid waste products that keep nerves and brain active during sleep, thus guarding against Night Starvation. See how much more energetic and hopeful you will feel. The longer the war lasts, the more urgently you need the restful, restorative 1st Group Sleep that Horlicks gives.

Prices from 2/-, at all chemists and grocers. Mixers 6d. and 1/-.

1st SLEEP GROUP

The people who are best fortified to stand war strain belong to this Group. Their sleep is the kind that restores body, nerves and brain completely. They may spend only 5 or 6 hours in bed and yet are never handicapped by "nerves" or tiredness. Theirs is the thoroughly refreshing 1st Group Sleep that everyone should have and that Horlicks gives.

2nd SLEEP GROUP

This Group is made up of people who seem to sleep well enough yet find it impossible to stand up to war worry and anxiety. They get tired easily, feel "nervy," can't keep their mind on things. The reason is that excess acid waste products in the blood *saturate* their brain and nerves at night. Hospital tests prove Horlicks corrects this.

3rd SLEEP GROUP

The people who are least able to stand war strain belong to this Group. They sleep badly—can't get to sleep, lie awake at night, or wake tired in the morning. Their trouble is the same as that of people in Group 2, to an even greater degree. Hospital tests prove that Horlicks overcomes this condition, ensures 1st Group Sleep.

HORLICKS

at bedtime gives you 1st Group Sleep

Complexion plus *Cleanliness*

in PALMOLIVE'S

The Olive Oil in Palmolive keeps your complexion clear as a schoolgirl's

Palmolive soap is so rich in pure palm and olive oils that every Palmolive bath works two ways—keeps you clean and keeps you lovely. Over 20,000 beauty specialists agree that soap and water washing with an *olive oil* soap is the perfect beauty treatment. Make Palmolive *your* soap—it's safe, it's sure and it's very economical. Get a tablet today—it's your double-duty!

3½d. U.K. only

MY WIFE'S HUSBAND TURNED UP!

MY postman never fails to bring me at least two or three letters a week from youngsters wanting to know the magic secret of writing best-sellers. They believe there is a formula to which they need only turn when in search of ideas for plots.

And they are not far wrong. They need only turn to life for all the ideas they will ever need in a career of writing best-sellers.

They need only take their raw material from life and shape it artistically to give it the form needed by first-class fiction.

Would-be writers might even study this page in their search for material.

There is tragedy in abundance, a fair amount of comedy, and a great deal of drama that often has the makings of melodrama.

Consider this week's problems.

There is more than enough pathos in my first letter to make a first-class story. A widower tells me of his great loss.

"While waiting for a 'bus in the pouring rain one night," he says, "I offered the protection of my umbrella to a woman also waiting in the crowd. We exchanged addresses at the end of our journey.

"She told me she was a widow with one young boy.

"We married three years ago. Her son was a bonny little chap of six, and I took to him like a little pal. He was sent into a safety area when war began last September.

"One day, when my wife had gone to visit the boy, there came a knock at the door. I opened it, and a strange man stood there. He asked if Mrs. X lived here, mentioning the name of the widow before I married her.

"I enquired his business, and he replied, 'I am her husband.'

"I invited him indoors and told him I had married her believing her to be a widow. . . .

"After a time he went away, saying, 'Well, I think it would be best to leave things as they are.'

"When my wife returned home I taxed her about it. She admitted everything, and asked me to forgive her. I agreed to do so because I loved her, and nothing more was ever said about the subject.

"Three weeks ago I came home from work to find a note on the table saying she had gone away, because she felt guilty.

"I was so worried I went into the country next day, thinking I might find her with her boy. When I arrived there I discovered that she had taken the boy away.

"What a shock I had!

"She had left no address, and I returned broken-hearted. Now I have lost one I dearly loved, as well as my little pal."

Humanist can help YOU

THERE is something dramatic about this story, but how matter of fact it is. What would have happened if the men had been French or Italians?

The most important part of the story—the conversation between the husbands—is hardly mentioned, but one can use a little imagination and "dramatise" it.

It was only natural that the man should "tax" his wife with having another husband alive. He has nothing to reproach himself with. Many men would have created a terrific scene.

In my opinion, the wife's flight was due not to conscience but to panic. She was afraid of being prosecuted for bigamy.

If she reads this, I should like to assure her that her second "husband" wants her back again.

There is drama in another story, this time from a young woman.

"Many years ago," she writes, "we were a happy family. My father was always a quiet, hard-working man living for his home and children.

"On the other hand, my mother was smart, pretty and fond of gaiety. She forgot her home and five children, and left us to fight our way alone. The baby then was only one year old, the eldest ten.

"You can imagine the duty thrust upon my father's shoulders, yet he did not shirk or grumble. He loved us.

"We are now grown up and I am proud of my four soldier brothers and my aging dad."

All this happened years ago. Now comes the dramatic part of the story.

"A message came the other day," continues the writer, "that someone wanted me in the village.

WHEN I reached the place mentioned I saw a woman in black, ill and uncared for. When she saw me she held out her arms, and there were tears streaming down her cheeks.

"'Don't you know me?' she said.

"I shook my head.

"'I am your mother,' she said.

"Standing before me was a complete stranger—my own mother! I kissed her on the cheek and asked her to come home, but she declined.

"'It's you I want,' she went on. 'I want you to come and live with me. I have been ill for a long time. I want you to look after my boy for me when I am gone.'

"I promised to see her again in a few days, but my promise has not been kept. I know it would hurt my dad—the dearest, kindest person in the world.

"I love my father and will never leave him, but whatever my mother may have done she is still my mother and I know I ought to honour her.

"Please advise me. I am unable to decide for myself. Whatever I do I am bound to hurt either my father or my mother. I want to do the right thing as far as it is possible."

The girl has already decided the chief part of the problem. She will not leave the father who has been so good to her all these years, and that means that she will not live with her mother.

I think she should tell her father.

It is true that the mother behaved in a callous manner in deserting him, but all feelings of bitterness have probably gone.

If the girl has to choose between father and mother, there is no doubt in her mind where her duty lies. She loves her old dad.

She merely feels pity for her mother.

● Week by week Humanist solves problems teasing the minds of 'John Bull' readers. He will help you, too, if you are perplexed.

So write to him, outlining the cause of your worry and sending a stamped, addressed envelope. For each letter quoted on this page he pays a guinea.

A Brother's Revenge

HERE is a problem on which I would like your help, writes Humanist. There was a father who lavished his money and affection on his daughter and completely ignored his son.

The girl grew up a snob. The boy, making his own way in the world, conceived a terrible hatred of father and sister. Now his wife writes to say that the family is appealing for his help.

The sister has had an "affair" and is in trouble.

The father is not angry with her—she can do nothing wrong in his eyes—but he is eager to avoid a scandal.

"They want to hush it up," the writer says, "and they have asked us to take this girl into our home for six months and to take the child as our own.

"They are willing to pay us for adopting the child.

"My husband is indignant, but there are two ways of looking at it.

"If we refuse we may never hear of the family again, and my husband will never get a penny in his father's will. He does not mind that, but I should like him to benefit. He is earning only a small wage.

"If we agree, it may make the parents realise their mistake and bring them nearer to us. I am fond of children and the extra money would be welcome."

The husband will obviously hate having his sister living with them, and he will hate raising her child.

The wife is thinking primarily of the financial advantages of the scheme, but one cannot sacrifice happiness for a little extra cash.

Now what should they do?

WOMEN MUST FIGHT *stress and strain*

TIRED OUT with wartime problems, money worries, rationing, lack of news from loved ones, many women can scarcely keep going. Before wartime takes its dangerous toll of your nerves and health, build up your resistance with Wincarnis—the famous restorative Tonic Wine.

NEW VIGOUR IN ONE MINUTE

A single glass of Wincarnis and you face up to your tasks with new heart and will. Wincarnis pours iron, rich beef and malt extracts, and two kinds of vitamins into your veins—and *Wincarnis THE QUICK ACTION TONIC is backed by* 26,000 *medical recommendations.*

A TYPICAL CASE: *'I feel ever so much stronger and better in every way and since I took your wine I eat better and sleep better too.'—M.A.*

Health is priceless

WINCARNIS

Costs only 6/6 & 3/9

NEAT COMPACT CLEANS BEST LASTS LONGEST

Give your teeth a SHINE with

Gibbs

DENTIFRICE

D. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1. 6d & 1/- Price U.K. only

How old is your baby now?

In the early weeks and months, the power of Nestlé's Milk to nourish is plain for all to see. Often and often the first feed of Nestlé's is the turning point in a baby's life.

Its rich and concentrated goodness lies so lightly on the tiny stomach that the most delicate mite can digest and absorb it completely. From then on, from one sound sleep to the next sleep, it steadily makes strong bones, firm limbs and rosy cheeks.

What a mistake then, especially these days, to leave the blessings of Nestlé's Milk behind with babyhood! Spread it thickly instead of rationed butter on bread, or as a sandwich. Add a spoonful to porridge and breakfast cereals: it's a spoonful big with blessings. Nestlé's Milk is the cream and goodness of farm milk concentrated. Nothing has been added but pure cane sugar — and sugar, too, is a food and a fuel for energy. Remember that, Mother, now.

NESTLÉ'S MILK

keeps for months, but not for ever. Use and replace your emergency stores from time to time.

Work comes easy to them—thanks to the 30-Second Breakfast

IN TIME FOR YOUR BREAKFAST. Miss Daphne Solomon of Feltham (right) has to be at work by five o'clock every morning so that you can have your milk in time for breakfast. "But I don't mind the early start," Miss Solomon told us. "I begin my day with a 30-second breakfast — it's easy to serve, deliciously crisp, and easily digested. What's more, I've found it's very sustaining — it keeps me going for many hours."

It's crisp, delicious — it's packed with energy — and it saves time and trouble because it takes only 30 seconds to serve

BUSY WORKERS all over Britain stick to Kellogg's.

And here's why. They like the energy they get from this splendid breakfast. And they say Kellogg's are actually more delicious than any other breakfast you can think of.

CRISP, GOLDEN, DELICIOUS

And Kellogg's *are* delicious! Those big golden flakes are crisp, fresh and tasty. They're protected by a special inner "Waxtite" wrapper that keeps them crisp to the very last plateful.

It only takes 30 seconds to serve Kellogg's. They need no cooking — you pour them straight from the packet on to your plate. No bother. No waiting. And no messy washing-up.

Tomorrow morning why not serve a delicious, energy-giving 30-second breakfast in *your* home? Everyone will love Kellogg's and you'll be delighted with the time and trouble you save. 10 big breakfasts in every packet for only 5d. Ask your grocer for Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

SCIENTIFIC PROOF of the great energy-giving power of the 30-second breakfast

An analysis made at a leading dietetic laboratory shows that a bowl of Kellogg's with milk and sugar has more energy value than 3 eggs. (Bowl of Kellogg's 220-230 calories. 3 average eggs 210 calories.) That is why busy workers everywhere find the 30-second breakfast so sustaining.

KELLOGG'S FOR CRISPNESS. Below you see Mrs Wedderburn of Lambeth, South London, and her family enjoying breakfast. "It's Kellogg's, of course," says Mrs. Wedderburn. "I wouldn't be without them. They're so easy to serve. No troublesome cooking. Kellogg's are economical, too — one packet makes at least ten big breakfasts. And we like them because they're so crisp!"

NOW ONLY 5D

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR ended in 3 minutes

Without Razors, Electric Needles Or Smelly Depilatories

The razor cuts off hair at the level of the skin—leaves coarse ugly stubble which grows both faster than ever. Now by an amazing discovery hair can be dissolved away *below the skin surface*. No stubble; no coarse regrowth. Try this dainty sweet-smelling cream, sold everywhere under the trademark New 'VEET.' Simply spread it on—wash off—and the hair is gone. Skin is left soft and velvety smooth. End your superfluous hair troubles for ever with New 'VEET.' Successful results guaranteed or money refunded.

FREE Any woman reader can obtain a generous trial tube of New Veet absolutely free. Send 2d. in stamps for postage, packing, etc., Dae Health Laboratories, Ltd. (Dept. 32M), Cromer Road, Acton, London, N.W.10.

WHEN A CORN STABS LIKE A THORN

THE ROOT IS PRESSING ON THE SORE JOINT AND SENSITIVE NERVES

The *business* end of a corn is the little pointed part or core that extends down into the toe and hurts when it presses on sensitive nerves. This is the part you have to get out. A small handful of 'Reudel Bath Salts' added to a bowl of hot water produces a medicated and oxygenated foot-bath in which corns are so softened that they come right out, root and all. All chemists have 'Reudel Bath Salts' at 1/6d. a large packet, and 2/6d. (double quantity).

CROSS CHANNEL DRAMA

Joseph Cuffley of Brompton Road, London, S.W., receives this week the five guineas offered for a Reader's Story

If you have a story to tell, send it to "John Bull" with a stamped addressed envelope. There may be five guineas for you, too

MOST of the people going aboard the Channel steamer at the French port were soldiers "on leave" from the Front. Laughing and joking and singing, they hustled through the Customs sheds and humped their packs, their gas-masks and their tin-hats up the steamer's gangways.

There were about three hundred civilians herded in the passage outside the passport officer's little office. Fidgeting with our hand luggage, and sliding it along with us inch by inch, we made our halting way towards the office.

We were not communicative.

All of us were travelling on urgent business (you have to be, to get across the Channel in war time), and as some of us had fairly secret jobs there was little conversation.

THEN we were joined by an elderly man with greying hair, shuffling along on crutches, pale, and apparently suffering great pain. All at once he swayed, and would have fallen if those of us who were near him had not caught him.

A good-natured porter ran across to the buffet for a chair and a glass of water, and we cleared a little space for him in the queue so that he could breathe more freely.

He thanked us, apologising quietly in a well-bred voice for causing such a commotion.

The inevitable motherly soul, who always appears in an English crowd when someone is taken ill, arrived to take charge of the sufferer.

She made such a bustle and a commotion that even the bored gendarme who opened the office door every few minutes to let a passenger in noticed what was going on, and called out a sympathetic enquiry whenever he appeared.

"Ca va mieux, le Monsieur?" he would ask.

"Yes, thanks, the gentleman is feeling a little better now," we would say.

When the gendarme disappeared again we would say he was a nice fellow, and the cripple on the chair grew more and more embarrassed.

When my turn came to see the passport officer, he said there was some technical error about my Exit Visa stamp, and he asked me to wait while his clerk made enquiries.

The cripple of the day before was sitting on the bed in his cabin, mending one of his crutches . . .

For a short time I was behind the scenes with the passport officer, and spent an extraordinarily interesting quarter of an hour.

Passengers came into the office one by one, loaded with hand luggage, and usually carrying an open passport in a hand that was struggling with at least one bag.

Most of them looked tired with travelling and waiting. Others were apprehensive as they approached the table.

The officer was unhurried but polite.

"John Smith, Anglais," he would say, as he examined the passport methodically, comparing the photograph with the man in front of him, examining the date stamps and the visas.

Then he would turn to the list that he had beside him, while a plain-clothes detective looked over his shoulder. Presumably the list contained the names of undesirables who must not pass.

A young man shuffled in nervously.

He had no luggage, and, fumbling in his pocket, he produced a passport and a sheaf of papers, which the officer ignored.

"I see, Monsieur, that you hesitate," he said genially, as he opened the passport, "and I suspect that your passport is not in order. Ah! I thought as much."

Then the gendarme came in.

WOULD Monsieur be so kind as to see a cripple gentleman who had been taken ill in the queue?

He was not taking his strict turn, but, seeing that he was ill, the other passengers raised no objection to his having precedence over them.

The officer nodded.

"Certainly, show him in."

The cripple stumbled in on his crutches, flushed with exertion, while the motherly body who had adopted him outside bustled eagerly around him.

I don't know what the officer said to them, because at that moment my passport was handed back to me and I was shown out.

Later I saw them on board, and presumed that their troubles were over for the time being.

We left the harbour after breakfast in time to be met by a wind that was turning the sea into a boiling cauldron.

Most of the passengers disappeared below, but I stumbled round the deserted decks, dodging the heavy showers of spray, and consoling myself that I should soon be home.

I was telling myself not to worry when a terrific gust of wind caught me and hurled me against the rails.

The same gust caught the door of the stateroom opposite to which I was standing and swung it open.

It was only for a moment.

The ship gave a roll and the door swung to again, but in that split second I saw the cripple of the day before was sitting on his bed, mending one of his crutches.

It might not have been broken really. He might just have been screwing it together again. I don't know. I didn't have time to see that much, and I mind my own business.

I looked round.

To my surprise there was another passenger in sight.

I recognised him as a man who had been pointed out to me in Paris in the old days as a member of the Sûreté, the French Scotland Yard.

But I knew nothing definite, and I mind my own business.

Still, I ventured a remark, seeing that we were the only two passengers on deck.

"It's extraordinary what you can get into one of these patent crutches nowadays," I said.

"GREAT minds think alike," he murmured, as he pulled a revolver from his pocket, swung open that stateroom door and disappeared inside.

I went in search of the motherly body, whom I found quietly reading a book down below.

"I'm afraid your patient is not so well this morning," I said. "He seems to have had some trouble with one of his crutches, but there is a nice kind gentleman with him now, and I think he's helping him to mend it."

The result was even more stunning than I expected.

"My Hermann, they've got him," she screamed, and fainted.

I don't know a lot about it, and I mind my own business.

But when you go ashore from a Channel steamer, leaving two of your fellow passengers behind you in handcuffs, when you see a cripple of the day before walking unaided along the deck, "it makes you fink."

Mystery Solution

(See page 22)

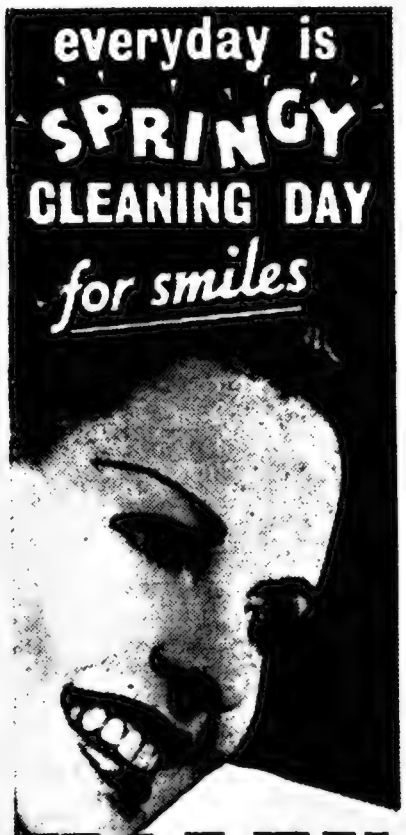
CONNOLLY knew that Artie Jarrold had been drowned by accident. He had *not* been murdered by Private Grierson.

Had Grierson wished to murder Jarrold he would have pushed him overboard when they were at sea, away from prying eyes.

Yet the sand in the boy's lungs proved that Jarrold had been drowned *near the shore*.

Intensive investigation brought to light a witness who had seen Jarrold leave Grierson's boat and later go for a swim. He had been drowned accidentally.

everyday is SPRINGY CLEANING DAY for smiles



HALEX

the toothbrush with the SPRINGY BRISTLES

Three shapes at a shilling. Others 6d. to 2/-. All in the 'Streamline' case.

Pleasant "ONE-DAY" way to BANISH CONSTIPATION

Doctors agree that persistent dosing of laxatives are often injurious. To form a *habit* of laxative taking is almost as bad as having constipation.

Feen-a-mint has solved the problem of constipation for millions of intelligent people. They find it is *safe* because with Feen-a-mint daily dosing is unnecessary. Feen-a-mint is the occasional, natural laxative. It puts your system right the *first time*; regulates it *at once* and puts you back to normal, healthy regularity!

What's more, Feen-a-mint has no unpleasant after-effects whatsoever. It is simple and pleasant to take; that's why kiddies love it. Feen-a-mint acts quickly and naturally. Right after taking Feen-a-mint you *feel good*. No headaches, indigestion, lassitude, bad complexion. Feen-a-mint makes you feel fit and vital again—the *first time*! Don't wait any longer. Get your Feen-a-mint today. You'll be glad you did! And if you're not satisfied your money will be refunded. Obtainable at chemists and stores everywhere. 38

AND DO YOU KNOW— SHE ACTUALLY USES SOAP FLAKES FOR WASHING UP. SUCH EXTRAVAGANCE!
LISTEN MISSUS— SHE USES SYLVAN FLAKES. THEY'RE TIP-TOP—SHE GETS HALF AS MUCH AGAIN FOR HER MONEY AND THEY'RE EASY ON HER HANDS!
JOEY
SYLVAN FLAKES

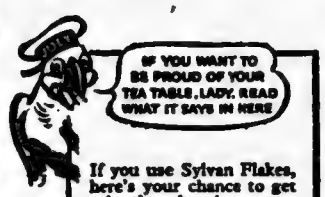
Want to wash your greasy dishes quickly?

—*use* SYLVAN FLAKES

THERE'S not a job in the house that has to be done more often than washing-up. But you'll find washing-up is not half so tiresome when you use Sylvan Flakes. They're quick, economical, easy on the hands.

The Giant Sylvan pack is a giant kitchen economy. You get half as much again of the finest soap flakes for your money, and Sylvan Flakes actually clean better. You save money, time and your hands. See how quickly Sylvan Flakes dissolve—rich, thick lather in a jiffy. And it's this lather which protects your hands. What a difference to ordinary soap flakes which leave them brick red! And when you're through there's no greasy scum. Every trace of soapiness is rinsed away.

Don't wash up the way the Victorians did! Get Sylvan Flakes on the job.



If you use Sylvan Flakes, here's your chance to get a lovely, gleaming pastry fork of Dorchester Silverplate that's just the thing for afternoon tea. This fork would cost you 2/- in the ordinary way, but all *you* have to do is to send 6d., to cover packing and postage, to: Thomas Hedley & Co. Ltd., P.O. Box 88-3, Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1. But act quickly, for the supply of these beautiful forks is limited.

SYLVAN FLAKES

for washing-up

Get the Giant Pack 1/-. Other economy sizes 6d. & 3½d.

THOMAS HEDLEY & CO. LIMITED, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE AND MANCHESTER

Her teeth are "white lies"

Like pearls in front — but oh, the tartar at the back!

Yes, her teeth are telling lies! And maybe *yours* are, too. That startles you? Well then, here are the facts about teeth — and tartar.

Tartar slowly accumulates at the back of the teeth where it isn't seen, and ordinary brushing fails utterly to remove it. White teeth are a mockery when there's tartar at the back, and there may be serious trouble in store if it is allowed to remain.

Be wise! Use Solidox. And why Solidox? Because it's the only toothpaste that contains Ricinosulphate — the ingredient that both prevents tartar and removes it once it has taken a hold. Mark this, too — Solidox makes the teeth beautifully white and doesn't harm the enamel.

Use Solidox always! And of course see your dentist regularly as usual. Then you give your teeth 100% care.

The dentist knows, too, that Solidox, the only toothpaste that contains Ricinosulphate, will move tartar easily, safely! Remember to visit your dentist regularly, and use Solidox. Then you'll be giving your teeth the best care possible.

JOHN KNIGHT LTD., LONDON, E.16

SOL 17-66-68

TO AVOID FLATULENCE

AND PAIN AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery? 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day. They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute gastric attacks, 'Milk of Magnesia' brand Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them today! Neat flat boxes for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6. Obtainable everywhere.

MILK OF MAGNESIA TABLETS

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' Preparation of Magnesia.

CLEAN OUT CATARRH

Banish awful stuffiness. Take a new lease of life.

Got Catarrh? *Then make this your lucky day!* Nose bunged up with mucus so that you can hardly breathe? *You can be a New Person to-morrow!* Smear NOSTROLINE Nasal Remedy inside each nostril. It opens stuffed-up nasal passages in no time! "NOSTROLINE" acts *instantly*. Clears head. Soothes soreness. Kills germs. Lubricates. Heals. 16,000 *Doctors endorse "NOSTROLINE."* For Catarrh, Colds, 'Flu. All Chemists 1/3.

'NOSTROLINE'

Free Sample from "Nostroline" J.12, Bristol 8.

SAFETY FIRST

The unrivalled germ-killing action of Cuticura brand Ointment is your best possible safeguard against septic poisoning in cuts and all skin abrasions. Boils, chronic ulcers, rashes, festerings and gatherings all swiftly yield to its irresistible healing power. 1/9

Cuticura OINTMENT

ACES of the SECRET SERVICE

He Even Laughed at Death!

LOUIS C. MANSFIELD, "JOHN BULL'S" SECRET SERVICE EXPERT, TELLS HOW A SPY-BARGEE DISORGANISED GERMAN ARMY TRANSPORT AS A JOKE

When the Alsatian bargee had control of the canal, consignments of German rifles became sacks of potatoes

IT is not usual for anyone to crash into British Intelligence to the accompaniment of a fanfare of trumpets, because the chiefs of the Secret Service hate publicity. But they do admire courage and resource.

That is why they made an exception of Joseph Zilliox, an Alsatian bargee, who found himself in a German uniform when the last war started.

With several hundred others of his similarly unfortunate countrymen, he was pushed into the trenches opposite the Allied lines.

The Germans could conscript Zilliox. They could put him in uniform. They could give him a rifle. But they could not make him fire even a single shot straight.

The young Alsatian proved such an inefficient soldier that the Germans were only too pleased to transfer him to Renory, on the Meuse, in the hope that his knowledge of the canals and waterways would prove useful.

This suited Zilliox and strange things began to happen on the river.

Barges that should have reached Antwerp laden with food and ammunition for German troops, either arrived there in ballast or else finished up miles down the river in the opposite direction.

Consignments of rifles suddenly became sacks of potatoes.

Machine-gun parts turned into best-quality straw bricks.

These tricks not only whetted Zilliox's sense of humour, but also made him think of the damage he could inflict on the Germans if only he knew exactly the right things to sabotage.

He decided to offer England his services as a spy.

Collecting a band of desperate Alsatians and Frenchmen, he boarded the German tug-boat *Anna* late one night, overpowered the crew, hitched on three barges, and set off, full steam ahead, towards the steel boom marking the beginning of Dutch territory.

He found time to ram a small German steamer and to hole two supply barges before crashing through the boom to the accompaniment of a fusillade of machine-gun bullets.

It was the audacity of this escapade that won his admittance to the British Secret Service.

AFTER an intensive course at the Folkestone "Spy School," he was smuggled back into the occupied territory with orders to establish train-watching posts in the vicinity of Liège, Charleroi and Namur.

All would have been well if Zilliox, restraining his sense of humour, had kept within the bounds of his orders.

He had been in occupied territory only a few weeks when he started writing a series of letters to Landwerlen, Becker, and other "aces" of the German Counter-Espionage Service, challenging them to find him.

He wrote an anonymous letter, supposed to come from a disappointed lover, explaining that Zilliox had stolen his "girl-friend." The writer revealed that Zilliox would be in the Chat Noir Estaminet the following Wednesday.

He actually went into the Chat Noir and started such a violent argument that he was thrown out by the secret police waiting for the spy to arrive.

The train-watching post that Zilliox mounted proved most efficient, and his lengthy bi-weekly reports soon made him stand out among British spies.

But train-watching palled.

It was too tame, too uneventful.

So he decided to start train-wrecking.

There was hardly an important bridge in the vicinity of Brussels, Namur or Charleroi that did not receive his attention, and the Germans were forced to keep a heavy guard over every one of them.

Offering a large reward for his arrest, the Germans formed a special squad of secret police to track him down.

Learning that the courier service to the Dutch border had broken down, Zilliox volunteered to run the gauntlet of the frontier guards carrying spy reports.

Yet he could not resist making fun of the Germans.

He would no sooner smuggle his way under the high-voltage wire into Holland than he would jeer at the sentries.

He gave this up only when an exasperated soldier ignored international law and shot him in the leg.

Zilliox was Britain's only source of information on the Liège and Namur routes for many months. Altogether, he made sixty trips.

One day a new courier, asking for him by the secret name by which he was known to members of "The Service," reported that another line of communication had been established for the clearance of reports.

Since the new courier seemed to know so many of our secret agents, Zilliox had no hesitation in handing over the reports.

But the new man was the notorious Fischer, Germany's cleverest counter-espionage agent, and two hours later Zilliox was in the Liège jail with nearly every other member of his organisation.

THE Germans had caught the smiling spy at last.

An attempted escape brought Zilliox only a bullet in the chest and a bayonet thrust in the thigh.

Three weeks later he was shot at La Chartreuse.

Even at his execution he could not resist a final joke.

Claiming that he was too weak to stand, he demanded the right to be shot sitting down!

Digging for Victory . . . . . by Richard Sudell

Beds in the Sun

EVERY allotment should have a seed bed in a sheltered corner of the plot that receives plenty of fresh air and sunshine.

To produce healthy, sturdy seedlings, the soil of a seed bed needs careful preparation.

Seedlings thrive in fine, crumbly soil that is fairly rich.

A clayey seed bed can be improved by decayed leaves and sand with a little well-rotted manure.

A bed, three feet wide and twelve feet long, is sufficient to raise crops of lettuces, cabbages, cauliflowers, Brussels sprouts and winter greens.

Seeds of these can now be sown in rows six inches apart in drills drawn across the seed bed. Make the drills only half an inch deep.

Seedlings can either be allowed to grow until they are three inches high, when they would be planted out direct from the seed bed without intermediate transplanting, or they can be transplanted three inches apart each way in another portion of the seed bed when the second pair of leaves appear.

As soon as one crop of seedlings is cleared, the seed bed is again forked and manured in readiness for the next batch.

As protection against the pests that attack seedlings of the cabbage family, give the seed bed a dusting of lime occasionally at the rate of two ounces to a square yard, applied before seeds are sown or before transplanting.

Where cabbage root maggot and club root are troublesome, the seed bed can be watered with a solution of mercuric chloride, corrosive sublimate; a poisonous substance but an effective cure for pests.

It is made by dissolving one ounce of chemical in twelve gallons of water. First dissolve in a small quantity of hot water, then add the rest of the water to make up the final solution.

7 YEARS OF OTHER TREATMENTS BUT Germolene Brand ASEPTIC OINTMENT CURED HER!

Another Amazing Case

GERMOLENE HEALS ECZEMA BAD LEG PIMPLES BURNS CHILBLAINS CHAPS ABSCESSES ULCERS, etc.

Germolene skin healing magic triumphs again! This poor young lady had spent 7 years in a vain search for relief from her skin trouble. She tried Germolene in despair, but—just as it has done for thousands of other sufferers—Germolene worked wonders! Read her mother's letter.

"I feel I must write to you. For the past seven years my daughter Joan has been an outpatient at a local Skin hospital but without any satisfactory benefit. In despair we decided to try GERMOLENE and I must tell you it worked wonders. She is better now than she has ever been; I want to thank you but I cannot find words enough to say how good GERMOLENE is. You can use this letter as you wish. Yours truly, Mrs. B."

Get your Tin of Germolene to-day. Sold Everywhere.

6D 1/3 3/- & 12/- Per Tin

PILES Try the wonderful new internal treatment, GERMOLOIDS brand. Price 1/3 per box from all chemists.

RHEUMATISM

Success of Home Spa Treatment

He was a wise man who said "The right way is usually simple." The truth of this saying has been proved by thousands who used to suffer untold agonies with Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuritis and Lumbago, until they discovered the simplest and most natural of remedies—a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt each morning in a tumblerful of plain water.

Do not allow yourself to become a "disappointed" sufferer. If you have tried remedy after remedy without getting any real relief from those dreadful twinges and cramping pains—turn to the simple way—Nature's way. Try a month's Home Spa Treatment with Fynnon Salt.

Nature's own spa elements in Fynnon Salt—Sodium, Potassium and Lithium—endow your kidneys and liver with renewed activity. From the first dose your whole system livens up and begins to *rid itself* naturally of the rheumatic acids and waste-matter that have been clogging and poisoning muscles and sinews, causing agonising twinges and "frozen" joints. Your aching limbs become free and supple. Your natural agility returns and before long you feel as fit as a fiddle again. New Trial Size of Fynnon Salt 6d.; large tin 1/3.

CORNS

Safe, Certain Cure—Money-back Guarantee

Why risk blood-poisoning by using a razor on your corns, or make do with the temporary relief of pads and rings? The very first application of 'FREEZONE' stops the pain, and within 3 or 4 days the corn shrinks and gets so loose you can actually lift it right out, root and all. Thousands of sufferers testify to the wonderful results of 'Freezone' Corn Remover. Only 1/3d. a bottle at all chemists, and every bottle sold with a money-back guarantee.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

"Mowcool" Lawn Mower with ball bearing cylinder. Easy running, clean cutting, with 5 Sheffield steel 12in. blades, strong polished handle. Carriage Paid. Price 24/6 No extra for Easy Payments Garden Implements Catalogue Free. J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

Explaining the new B.S.A Streamlight Bicycle

NO OTHER BICYCLE HAS THESE 6 FEATURES

1 "Duragleem" Extra Coat Process of Rust-proofing and Enamelling.

2 Gracefully designed B.S.A "Fulkrum" Reinforced Fork Crown, extra-strong, light and shock-absorbing.

3 "Staychrome" on all plated parts—the longest-wearing plating.

4 B.S.A "Spinaway" Precision-Balanced Chain-wheel—an easy-running design no one else can copy.

5 The famous B.S.A Hubs with an oil-smooth action.

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B.S.A 'Streamlight' Bicycles are fitted with B.S.A "Easi-press" smooth-action Central Pull Roller Lever or Caliper Brakes; the B.S.A All-Brazed Frame, which also contributes so much to their lightness and rigidity; B.S.A Pedals; Super-Comfort Saddle and Dunlop Tyres.

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And from 2/11 per week.

To-day a bicycle is more than ever a necessity. Wives as well as husbands and children are covering the ground — cheaply — by bicycle. But it's B.S.A they're buying — the new B.S.A 'Streamlight.' Six special features make for extra lightness, extra comfort, extra safety. And you pay no more for these added advantages. When you buy a new B.S.A 'Streamlight' you buy a bicycle that lasts a lifetime.

B.S.A

Streamlight
a Bicycle made for you

MAIL THIS TO-DAY TO B.S.A CYCLES LTD.

63, Armoury Road, Birmingham, 11

Please send me FREE a fully-illustrated copy of "TRAVEL IN WAR TIME" by H. V. MORTON, author of "In Search of England", and a catalogue of the B.S.A 'Streamlight' Range.

Name.....

Address.....

63/20/4

B.S.A CYCLES LTD., 63, Armoury Road, BIRMINGHAM, 11

Leave that to landlubbers, Sir!

A grave breach of conduct, my good young man, a very grave breach. It is bad enough to be told that you refer to my ship as "the ark, full of strange beasts and moving slowly on the face of the waters." But when I find you actually smoking an artificially flavoured tobacco — and in the presence of the men . . . Dammit, Sir! there are limits. I suggest that you equip yourself forthwith with an adequate supply of Four Square. In that, at least, you can conduct yourself like an officer, and a gentleman.

FOUR SQUARE

PURE TOBACCO—NO ARTIFICIAL FLAVOURING

FOUR BLENDS FOR 'MIXTURE' SMOKERS · FOUR BLENDS FOR 'VIRGINIA' SMOKERS

Ask your tobacconist

TOBACCO FOR THE TROOPS

DUTY FREE TOBACCO & CIGARETTES for the B.E.F., FRANCE. Parcels from 2/9. Ask your tobacconist for details or write to—

George Dobie & Son, Ltd. (Manufacturers of Quality Tobaccos since 1809), Paisley, Scotland

Why Suffer from PILES?

Are you a victim of piles (hæmorrhoids)? Do you suffer from swelling and burning irritation? Are you weakened by constant bleeding? If so, be sure and give Zam-Buk a trial. This wonderful herbal ointment has proved successful in thousands of cases of piles, often when an operation seemed the only means of escape.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they soothe and cure while you sleep.

For INWARD PILES

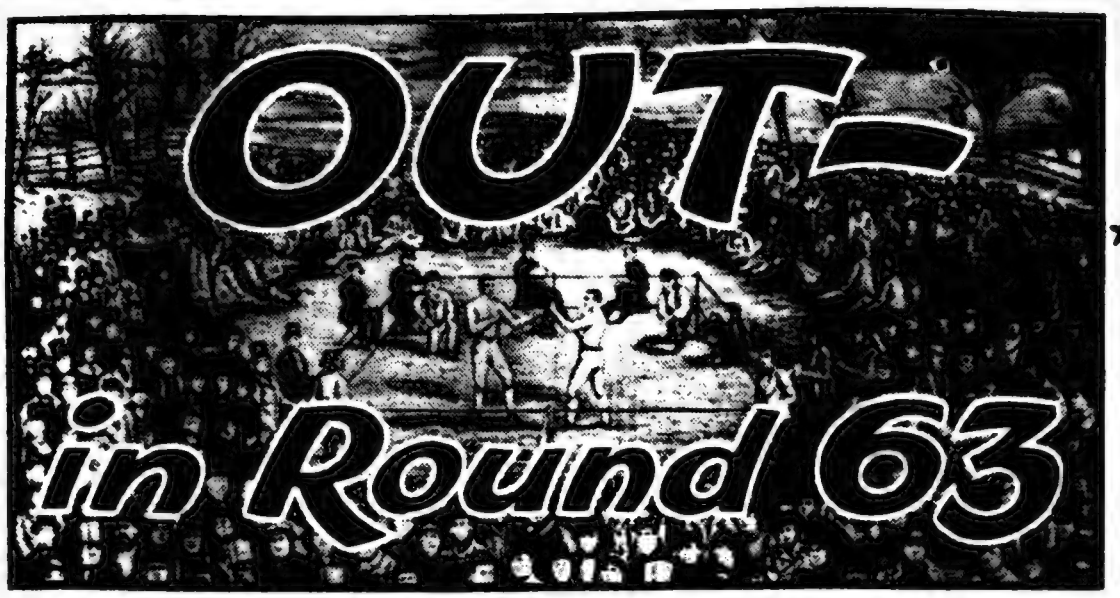
Zam-Buk

Brand OINTMENT

Zam-Buk brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear. Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing septic conditions where the membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer from piles a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk.

Is Ready To SOOTHE & HEAL

Continuing
"GIANTS OF THE RING"



Luckier than the Prince who had been left behind, the aristocrats of the sporting world saw a "secret" fight that will always live in ring history

A. W. HELLIWELL

describes the most ferocious "hush-hush" knuckle fight of the century

PRINCE EDWARD was in a royal rage. After waiting a quarter of an hour in the chilly darkness on Westminster Bridge pier for the launch that was to carry him down the river to the bare-knuckle fight between Gipsy Ball and Alf Mitchell, he learned that the boat had left from the Temple steps.

"I've missed the fight of the century," he grumbled as he drove home.

England has never had a king who was a shrewder judge of a horse or a dog than Edward VII, and his comment showed his knowledge of fighters.

There have been few more terrible battles in ring history than this clash between the gipsy booth-fighter and Alf Mitchell, pride of Cardiff City.

While the Prince of Wales fumed, these two squatted side by side with their hands clasped about their knees on a lonely river bank outside Gravesend, waiting for the dawn.

They had come to this secret rendezvous to fight to a finish for a £500 purse and the middleweight championship. In the grassy hollow at their backs, where the ground fell steeply away from the water, the stakes and the ring ropes were already rigged.

Only the splash of water, furtive whispers in the darkness and the soft scuffle of feet betrayed the arrival at intervals of boatloads of sportsmen from London.

These were the fortunate few "in the know"; aristocratic members of the exclusive Pelican Club who alone had been told a secret the police had been trying to discover for weeks.

EVEN the fighters were not enlightened until a few hours before they met, and there could be no better illustration of the secrecy in which arrangements had been made than that the Prince of Wales should have missed the boat.

The only instructions given to Mitchell and his swarthy opponent were to present themselves at a certain house in Wapping.

From there they were smuggled down the river at three o'clock in the morning, deposited on the bank and told they must wait until it was light enough for them to begin.

As the river water changed from black velvet to molten gold in the first rays of the rising sun, they went down to the hollow where the spectators were standing round the ropes.

Mitchell had won two of their three previous fights, but this was the only time they had agreed to fight to a finish.

Although Ball had only been able to achieve a draw in their first twelve-round bout, many believed that under the harsher, more brutal prize-ring rules his rugged strength would be too much for Mitchell.

As he sat on his brother Elijah's knee, slowly clenching and unclenching his huge fists and flexing his mighty biceps, the swarthy booth-fighter looked a tough proposition.

In the opposite corner, Mitchell drove the great spikes of his heavy boots deep into the turf.

He paid five golden sovereigns for those boots, but they were worth ten times as much to him in the first rounds when the gipsy was forcing the pace, and he had to move fast over the wet ground.

Gambling everything on his ox-like strength and smashing punch, Ball cared little for science. As long as he could get near to his man and slug away, he was content.

Mitchell was willing enough to oblige.

It was a grim and ferocious battle, crude, perhaps, when judged by our modern standards, but chock-a-block with thrills.

Seldom have two men taken more terrible punishment. At the end of an hour's fighting they were bleeding freely from ugly gashes, and from shoulders to waistline their bodies were raw from ceaseless pounding.

First one and then the other would land a terrific blow that would send his opponent crashing to the turf; yet when "time" was called they would come up to scratch as full of fight as ever.

In the end the gipsy began to weaken.

Although his strength was failing, his dogged spirit remained.

Mitchell hit him again and again full in the face with all his strength until he was almost unrecognisable, but he still came on for more.

Such gruelling punishment was more than human flesh could stand.

By the end of the sixty-second round, Ball, half-blind and staggering like a drunken man, had scarcely strength to sit erect while his seconds worked frantically to revive him.

HE came swaying to the centre of the ring and clung desperately to the Cardiff man's arms to save himself from further punishment.

Working his left hand free, Mitchell floored him with a hard blow under the heart.

The Cardiff man was in sorry shape as he reeled back to his seconds, but his trainer's whispered advice put fresh heart into him.

"One more punch does it, Alf," he said, pouring a stinging tot of neat brandy down the fighter's throat. "One good punch and you'll be champion, my lad."

And so it was.

Ball could not even raise his hands as he tottered towards Mitchell, and with one smashing right to the jaw the pride of Wales finished him off.

Alf Mitchell won his title dearly.

For two weeks after the fight he did not see daylight. Both eyes closed completely, and his face and head, swollen to nearly twice their normal size, were so tender that he could not wear a hat for months.

Ball was even worse.

His body from the waist up was black, and for days he lay as though he were dying while leeches were applied to his wounds to relieve his pain.

As a tribute to his pluck, Mitchell split the purse money fifty-fifty with him, but the winner did not lose through this generosity. He received many handsome presents from members of the Pelican Club who had won heavily over his victory.

One gave him a huge diamond ring, another two hundred and fifty sovereigns, and altogether he made more than £1,000 over and above his share of the purse.

Not a fortune compared with modern ring earnings, but a lot of money for a fighter to earn in those colourful days.

"Silver Ring"

THE perfectly formed thoroughbred is not always a first-class racer, and the expert judge of a horse's points will often enough find the opinions formed in a paddock inspection flouted by the result of a race.

Winners are of all shapes and sizes, and occasionally an ugly customer, looking more like a hat-rack than a racehorse, will beat others that would serve as models for Eclipse.

The paddock critic learns that you cannot lay down hard-and-fast rules; that horses with certain physical defects, a queer temperament, or a wicked eye, may win races.

When you have to choose between horses which appear to be equal on form, the man who has studied the animals is most likely to make a correct choice.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code covers the racing from Thursday, April 18, to Wednesday, April 24.

Z Q C 93 B 94 M R 98 T F O A P U X
L H J I 95 E D W N 96 G S K V Y 97

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below, as the case may be. Example:

D94KMSR would read MEADOW.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. LKWSG2 would read ZAROFF.

Here's the Grand Good Health you need, that joyous feeling of new life when you are on top of the World—overflowing with energy—a regular demon for work, with a broad smile which embraces all mankind. *You do want to feel like that, don't you?* Then just take this advice and get yourself some of those grand old Holloways Pills.

They are the remedy which has proved its worth for over 100 years, the recipe for the splendid health which our Grandparents enjoyed, the *real secret* of pure blood and a regular system, the *sure way* of securing freedom from CONSTIPATION, HEADACHES and BILIOUSNESS, LIVER-ISHNESS, DULLNESS and those other ills which spoil life. Don't wait or hesitate, rush off and get yourself some Holloways Pills now while the thought is in your mind. And to-morrow morning—by George!—What a new person you will feel.

HOLLOWAYS BRAND PILLS

3d 1'3. 3/- 5/- Sold Everywhere

For all skin troubles such as ABRASIONS, BURNS, BOILS, CUTS, ECZEMA (Weeping or Dry), LEG TROUBLE, PIMPLES, RASHES, SCALDS, SEPTIC WOUNDS, ULCERS, HAEMORRHOIDS, etc., use Holloways Brand Ointment—the supreme Skin Healer. From all Chemists at 3d. per tin or 1/3, 3/- and 5/- per Jar.

THIS AMAZING CHANGE

Photos of Miss D. Bramhall, Southwood House, London

It looks unbelievable but-TRY IT YOURSELF!

In one short week! Thousands of delighted women have got rid of wrinkles—made themselves look years younger. Feed back to the skin its own precious natural youth element—"Biocel" and the skin quickly becomes fresh and young. "Biocel" is the amazing discovery of a famous University Professor. It is now contained in Creme Tokalon, Rose Colour. Applied every night, it nourishes and rejuvenates your skin while you sleep. Use Creme Tokalon White Colour in the morning. It dissolves away blackheads, tightens enlarged pores, makes the darkest, roughest skin soft, white and smooth in a few days.

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.

This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions—namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2d.; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorised cover by way of Trade; or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

FOR FRAYED NERVES EXHAUSTION AND HEADACHES

Always Remember Phensic

At the first sign of strain or pain take two tablets of Phensic. In Phensic there is magic relief from nerve and muscular pain. Relief which is SAFE and CERTAIN, which strengthens and refreshes you both mentally and physically. Phensic cannot harm the heart—and it will ensure a good night's rest. Obtainable everywhere: 3d, 6d, 1/3, 3/- and 5/-.

THE QUICK TONIC PICK-ME-UP
-2 Tablets of Phensic

Phensic
Pronounced 'FEN-ZIK' Brand
THE POWERFUL SAFE PAINKILLER

EVERY CHILD NEEDS A SPRING CLEAN

Pimples are sure signs that the bowels are clogged with sour, bilious poisons which inflame the blood.

For a quick, safe remedy there is nothing like 'California Syrup of Figs' to cleanse the system and purify the blood. Give a dose at bedtime. In the morning the bowels will act; gently yet thoroughly removing the poisonous waste. Continue 'California Syrup of Figs' for a few nights and the skin will be clear, fresh, glowing with a beautiful healthy colour. Better still, you will see a wonderful improvement in the child's health. Doctors and nurses recommend this liquid laxative. Be sure you get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Obtainable everywhere at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size).

IMPORTANT TO WOMEN—'California Syrup of Figs' is also the ideal remedy for constipation in your own case, since it ensures complete bowel action without the risk of disturbing functional regularity, which often happens when strong laxatives are taken.

BAD LEGS

YIELD TO HEALO TREATMENT

Innumerable sufferers from Bad Legs, Eczema, Skin Irritation and other Skin Disorders having obtained immediate relief and eventually been cured by using HEALO Ointment have gratefully sent us Testimonials. Here is a typical one from Ware, Herts: "*I am pleased to inform you that the Healo you sent has done my ulcerated leg more good than all other kinds I have tried, and gave me immediate relief.*"
F . . . G . . .

HEALO Brand Ointment is sold in 1/3 and 3/- tins from all Chemists or post free from Cuxson, Gerrard and Co., Ltd., Oldbury.

HEALO OINTMENT

Excuse me— if you want a health secret Inner Cleanliness comes first!

Discover for yourself the secret of cheerful fitness! It is the healthy rule of daily INNER Cleanliness—so simple, thanks to Andrews. Headaches and biliousness, indigestion, rheumatic aches and pains, and unwholesome complexions disappear when you take Andrews for Inner Cleanliness. See how Andrews does its purifying work:

FIRST—Andrews cleans the mouth and tongue.
NEXT—Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.
THEN—Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.
FINALLY—To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels. It sweeps away trouble-making poisons, corrects Constipation and purifies the blood.

Very economical to use
9D (4 OZS) 1/4 (8 OZS)

ANDREWS (95c)

An important safeguard to help you in your spending!
When you buy goods that are advertised in "John Bull"—you get the Very Best!
The "John Bull" Guarantee appears on page 3.

. . . MEN OF COOL COURAGE

. . FIND BONDMAN THE COOLEST SMOKE OF ALL

Men, who themselves are expected to be consistently cool, demand consistent coolness from their tobacco—that's why men of action insist upon Bondman's satisfying restfulness.

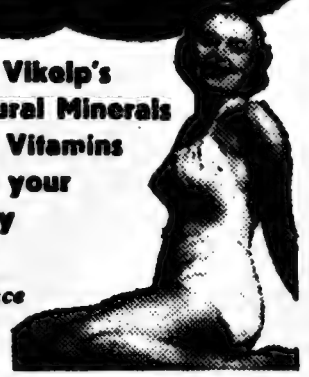
LLOYDS'
Bondman
TOBACCO

RICH DARK VIRGINIA 1/2½d per oz. Vacuum Tins
ALSO 1/- PACKETS
EMPIRE BLEND . . . . 1/1 per oz. Vacuum Tins

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co. Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1

WHAT TO DO IF YOU ARE
RUNDOWN WEAK, TIRED NERVOUS...

Get Vikelp's Natural Minerals and Vitamins into your body



See the difference in 10 days

Why do you remain weak, run-down, nervous? Simply because your system lacks sufficient Minerals and Food Iodine. Replace these lost elements—remineralising the system—and your trouble is remedied. Thousands have been amazed at this easy, simple way back to health, strength and vitality.

And Vikelp gives you just those essential Minerals. Made from a Pacific Ocean plant—the world's richest source of these life-giving elements—it contains in Natural form IRON, PHOSPHORUS, CALCIUM, SULPHUR—in fact 9 of the 12 essential Minerals, as well as FOOD IODINE. It gives you the Vitamins—particularly an abundance of the important Vitamin B. ALL the things so vital to health and strength—so vital to life itself—come to you in VIKELP.

Start nourishing your system with Vikelp Brand Tablets to-day. Note the unmistakable results. Gradually you build up. Nerves steady. Spirits rise. You become vigorous, vital, alert. New energy, new strength, surge through your whole being. You tackle life anew.

FREE. *Send today for free 50-page booklet "How to Gain New Energy and Strength." Send a postcard to Health Products Laboratories Ltd., Dept. J.B.4, 128-134, Baker Street, London, W.1.*

Vikelp is now available in 2 forms—Small CONCENTRATED tablets to swallow and Large FLAVOURED tablets to eat. Your chemist has both.

VIKELP BRAND MINERAL VITAMIN TABLETS

17 times more Vitamin B

DOCTORS know that your Nerves need Vitamin B . . . and they know that the richest source of this life-giving Vitamin is *pure 'LIVE' Yeast.*

PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast is 'LIVE' Yeast in its purest and most concentrated form. One ounce of PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast contains **17 times more Vitamin B than ½-lb. of Beef Steak.** Start taking Phillips Tonic Yeast at once and you will be amazed at the improvement in your NERVES and DIGESTION and its WONDERFUL TONIC EFFECTS.

Be sure to ask for PHILLIPS Tonic Yeast, the genuine *pure 'LIVE' Yeast without drugs.* . . It is perfectly safe for all ages and is *not habit forming.*

50 Tablets 1/3 . . . Family Size (150) 3/-

From all Chemists . . . Ask for PHILLIPS—the 'Live' Yeast WITHOUT DRUGS

Phillips TONIC YEAST
is *LIFE ITSELF!*

GET RID OF CATARRH

Sufferers from Catarrh will find speedy relief with YADIL. An internal antiseptic which is taken like ordinary medicine, it will clean the poisoning germs from your system—even in the most obstinate of cases. Use also a weak solution as a gargle or douche—it is remarkably effective.

YADIL Safe Internal Antiseptic

Write now for free copy of the new YADIL HEALTH BOOK
1/3 and larger, from Chemists, or direct from
YADIL (1936) LTD., Dept. J.B., Springfield, London, E.5

Win £20 WEEKLY for LIFE and £100 CASH

£350 LUMP SUM IF PREFERRED

PENSION · CASH and SURREY FOWLS for "John Bull's" X-WORD

UP TO 250 LUXURY DINNERS

Up to £125 in 5lb. Surrey Fowls one for each 1st. Runner-up — Cash Prize of 10/- may be chosen if preferred

UNLIMITED WAR BONUSES

War Savings Bonus accompanies EVERY PRIZE won this week

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS for 2nd RUNNERS-UP

A SPLENDID Pension-plus-Cash First Prize, up to 250 plump Surrey Fowls, unlimited Surprise Awards and unlimited War Bonuses—all these are waiting for "John Bull" Crossworders this week.

Get busy on those Clues now and be sure to post your entry not later than Saturday, April 27, if you want your Joy Wire on the following Friday!

ACROSS CLUES.

1. Might be ideal tool for some jobs
3. When average chap wins this it means a few shillings or a pound or so
5. A little one brings peace
6. Snow-shoe that begins skidding
8. Inclinations are often shown by
11. Black and white are the commonest colours for this
14. Many a man has been this by war
17. Noticing this suggests that there are planes not far away
20. Used before name of knight or baronet
21. Constable going on duty is naturally expected to look at his
22. More and more people will be going without this soon

DOWN CLUES.

1. Making this out of wood is becoming commoner
2. Landing really hard blow on this will very likely break it
4. It spoils the results if the best runners do this
7. A toy for air-minded children
9. In many cases these are really quite light-hearted affairs
10. If poor man only has few shillings left it will be hard for him to pay this
12. These may be stupid and too fond of drinking
13. Poet is inspired by beautiful ones
15. Music one will probably have parts for various instruments
16. You can't plunge in deeply and do this at same time
18. Curved bone.
19. It gets a bit dull if one just goes on and on indefinitely

WIN £450 FREE!

If you send Crossword entry value 1s. or over, you may enclose one 6d. Bullets Coupon ABSOLUTELY FREE for this week's fine £450 Increased Offer, provided it bears same name and address as Crossword entry. Your coupons are on page 35.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

Presented on this page is the 199th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, May 9. The second prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided; not more than one First or Runners-up prize and one other allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

ADDRESS ENTRY: Crossword No. 199, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

12 Big Cheques Won in X-Word No. 196

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 196, the Adjudication Committee decided that the entrants who indicated the most meritorious Sets of Answers for one Square (see on right) were the following 12 competitors:—

M. ASH, 15, Gosport Road, Fareham, Hants.
Mrs. D. V. DONALDSON, 138, Penrose Avenue, Carpenders Park, Watford.
K. E. EDWARDS, Mendip House, Axbridge, Somerset.
Miss M. GIBSON, 77, Hall Street, Stockport.
W. HOWE, 178, Fairmile Road, Christchurch, Hants.
E. L. JONES, 25, Hill Street, Haverfordwest.
J. T. JONES, "Arnant," 98, Vivian Road, Morriston, Swansea.
G. R. LANG, 77, Hall Street, Stockport.
F. POPE, 32, Gt. Titchfield Street, London, W.1.
Mrs. STOCKTON, 8, Oxford Street, Crewe.
R. WOOD, 4, Grosvenor Street, Wellington Road South, Stockport.
E. J. WILLIAMS, 7, Colenhill Street, Flint, N. Wales.

These competitors share the First Prize of £350, and a cheque for £29 3s. 4d. will be sent to each.

Awards of Surrey Fowls and Runners have been won by the 137 Runners-up from whom we received entries inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best entries received. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

WINNING SQUARE

S	I	Z	E	■	B	A	L	L	■	R				
C	N	■	L	E	G	■	C	A	F	E				
A	N	T	S	■	S	U	■	V	I	A				
M	■	I	■	P	■	S	M	E	L	L				
P	O	M	■	E	V	E	■	■	M	■				
■	F	E	R	N	S	■	P	O	S	T				
S	F	■	U	■	■	R	A	T	■	■				
L	■	S	T	I	R	■	G	■	O	L				
A	L	A	S	■	O	■	E	C	H	O				
T	A	G	■	F	A	D	■	U	M	A				
■	M	A	N	■	D	U	S	T	■	D				

The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the square above.

A useful Surprise Award will be posted this week to each of 823 entrants from whom we received an entry differing from entries of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer, and every prize-winner will receive War Savings Bonus as announced.

WINNING WORDS.

ACROSS.—1. SIZE. 3. BALL. 5. LEG. 7. ANTS. 10. SMELL. 12. POST. 14. BAT. 15. STIR. 18. ECHO. 20. FAD. 21. MAN.

DOWN.—1. SCAMP. 2. IRE. 4. REAL. 6. FILMS. 8. TIME. 9. PEN. 11. RUSH. 12. PAGE. 13. SLAT. 16. ROAD. 17. LOAD. 19. CUT.

X-WORD AID POST-FREE

BY filling in your name and address both in coupon space AND on Label you will secure a FREE and POST-FREE copy of the "CROSSWORD GAZETTE" containing Adjudication Committee's Findings on this Contest.

READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Postal Order must be enclosed or Stamps affixed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number on Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POSTMARK of not later than Saturday, April 27, 1940.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to total entry-fee of 4/-.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, May 9. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Should the First Prize be shared £350 cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-One Award.

6.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 199. Closing Postmark SATURDAY, APRIL 27.

IF ENTERING 1 OR 2 SQUARES ONLY USE THOSE BELOW AND CUT HERE

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and Conditions, and enclose Postal Order (number and value below) to cover necessary entry-fee. Stamps may be affixed if preferred at the rate of 3d. per square.

P.O. Value..... No.....

Name.....

Address.....

.....

REMEMBER ALSO TO ADD YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS TO THIS "GAZETTE" LABEL.

FOR 1 SQUARE firmly stick TWO 1½d. stamps here	FOR 2 SQUARES firmly stick FOUR 1½d. stamps
FOR 3 SQUARES firmly stick SIX 1½d. stamps	FOR 4 SQUARES firmly stick EIGHT 1½d. stamps (Affixing enclosure of 6d. "Bullets" Coupon FREE)

NAME IN BLOCK LETTERS.

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FULL POSTAL ADDRESS.

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.....

.....

ST.....

HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE YOU TO EAT?

IN wartime, many of us have to satisfy our hunger with a sandwich or a cold meat pie, bolted standing. We know we're playing fast and loose with our insides, but the job must take first place. Irregular meals, irregular sleep, and new ways of living are all causes of constipation.

How to Restore the Balance

Constipation, as you know, is caused by the disappearance of moisture from the large intestine. Therefore, that moisture must return. This is done by the action of the six mineral salts which are present in Kruschen. Normal, healthy evacuation is restored. At the same time Kruschen, by its powerful diuretic action, flushes the kidneys, thus ridding your bloodstream of its accumulated toxic poisons.

It stands to reason that the size of dose for relieving constipation depends on the individual. But once this initial constipation has been cleared up, you can keep yourself healthy and cheerful by a small daily dose—just enough to cover a sixpence. You never have to increase this dose, because Kruschen is not habit-forming. Start today to remedy the mischief wrought by irregular meals and hours. You can get Kruschen from any chemist—6d., 1/- and 1/9.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value

Every Lady should write to-day for Graves Display of latest Fashions showing the newest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at the keenest prices on the fairest of Easy Terms

4/6 Monthly

Rosslyn

Excellent frieze material of diagonal weave has been chosen for this fashionable model Coat, which is cut in semi-fitting belted style, with bold revers, & stylish collar tastefully trimmed with machine stitching. A pleasing feature of this garment is the flared panel skirt with its pin tucked raised seams. Lined throughout with plain Art. Silk Taffeta to tone. Supplied in Brown, Tan, Nigger, Blue, Navy, Light Navy, and Black. Sizes: S.S.W. to O.S. (Busts: 32 to 38in.) Lengths: 42 to 48in. **33/11**

Terms: 4/6 monthly.

WRITE FOR FREE PATTERNS

Write for full range of cloth Patterns of Newest Models; Coats, Costumes, Underwear, Frocks, &c., in latest styles. Ask for patterns of any garment you require, with self-measurement Form and full particulars. Sent Free per return. Styles and Patterns are also available of Girls', Maids', & Young Ladies' Fashions and we offer excellent value in Furs, Matrons' Clothing, Footwear, Dress Fabrics, etc.

NO EXTRA FOR TERMS

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD

Changeable Weather causes ILLS & CHILLS RHEUMATISM & FLU

TRY THE 'ASPRO' METHOD OF BANISHING THEM

Changeable weather is a worrying time for most people. There is a recurrence of ills and chills, epidemic complaints, rheumatism, 'flu and sore throats. Obviously the thing to do is to nip these complaints in the bud and stop their development. You can do this by taking 'ASPRO' tablets. For 'ASPRO' attacks the causes of many complaints. This is because 'ASPRO', after ingestion in the system, is an internal antiseptic—an antipyretic or fever-reducer—a solvent of uric acid and a powerful germicide. Remember, 'ASPRO' not only banishes pain speedily and safely, it goes a long way to dispel the cause of the pain on account of its inherent qualities. Just read this

FURTHER TESTIMONY

DOUBLE PROOF OF 'ASPRO' ACTION

Dear Sir, Torquay, Devon.

Just a word of praise for your wonderful 'ASPRO' tablets and their marvellous quick-working effects: First my son contracted a nasty cold in the head, tried many things from the chemist to clear it—without success. He mentioned about trying 'ASPROS'—he got some and was soon rid of his cold. I myself then found myself with a very uncomfortable cold; I followed my son's advice, had a couple of your tablets before retiring, the next morning I was nearly free from a snuffed nose.

Wonderful tablets—with quick action.

Yours truly, "A TORQUAY RESIDENT."

A FAMILY REPORT

75 Belgrave Street,

Dear Sirs, Stepney, E.1.

I feel I must write to let you know how thankful my family and myself are to 'ASPRO'. They are all that you advertise them to be, as they have given us instant relief from Rheumatism, headaches, and violent colds, and I would not be without them even if they were half-a-crown a box instead of a modest sixpence.

I write on behalf of my family and myself, as we are all so indebted to 'ASPRO' for the good they have done us all. For relieving headaches, colds and neuralgia they are unequalled, and we call them our family physician.

We are, Yours gratefully,
MR. & MRS. DEVERELL & FAMILY.

RHEUMATIC PAINS ALL VANISHED

c/o H. B. van der Berg,
P.O. Klipriver Station,

Dear Sirs, Near Vereniging, Tvl.

I herewith wish to let you know that my son has been using 'ASPRO' for the last fortnight and since my last letter I wrote to you he has had no return of rheumatism pains, all vanished and swelling gone and is full of good courage, able to get about and does not even fear the rain or dampness. He firmly believes in 'ASPRO' and keeps it in his pocket wherever he goes and will always try and have some handy.

Another wonderful experience was, my mother aged over 80 was feeling very bad and full of pains in back, kidneys and bladder, and is suffering of chronic rheumatism for many years which at times makes her unable to move, as was the case for two days last week, and I persuaded her to take 'ASPRO' every night, and I must say it was a real Blessing two days after to see the relief she got after taking same. Also one of the neighbouring farmers suffered from lumbago caused through getting damp while working on the lands and was quite stiff and I gave him three 'ASPROS' and he took two at night and one next morning and is now quite fit to go about his work and says this is really a marvellous remedy and will not take other aspirin again while he can obtain 'ASPRO'. I am advising it to quite a good many of friends in the country to keep it handy who sometimes find it difficult to obtain medical assistance quickly when in cases of influenza or colds. I myself am now using it and hope soon to be able to give good results as I am already feeling a difference in my health. H. M. SMIDT (Mrs.).

HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES.

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: children 3 to 6 years, ¼ tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO,' like any other medicine, should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Made in England by
ASPRO LTD., Slough, Bucks.
Telephone: SLOUGH 22381

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

DISPELS SORE THROATS AND GIVES PROTECTION AGAINST INFECTION

Put two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water and gargle with the mixture. The tablets break up into thousands of tiny particles which adhere to the lining of the throat, thus exerting the maximum antiseptic healing effect at the root of the trouble.

PUBLIC NOTICE. 'ASPRO' prices are not increased. They remain the same as pre-war

3D 6D 1/3 2/6

All Leading Chemists and Stores Stock and Display 'ASPRO'

ASPRO

THE EMPIRE TOBACCO WITH THE LARGEST SALE

What is a 'good' tobacco?

A tobacco can only be called 'good' when it pleases the man behind the pipe. Nothing else can persuade him. So when we tell you more "Digger" is sold than any other Empire tobacco, then surely that is fair evidence that "Digger" *is* good and worth trying.

11D per oz

PLAYER'S DIGGER TOBACCOS

FLAKE • SNAG • MIXTURE • PLUG • HONEYDEW

PLAYER'S TOBACCO & CIGARETTES for B.E.F. AT DUTY FREE PRICES
Ask your Tobacconist for full particulars

P.D.80

Instant relief from
INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS
DYSPEPSIA, FLATULENCE
ACIDITY, HEARTBURN
PALPITATION, GASTRIC CATARRH

MOORLAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

TAKE TWO TABLETS & EAT WHAT YOU LIKE

ALL CHEMISTS 7½ & 1/3

Polly put the Kettle on and we'll have no more

CONSTIPATION

Taken last thing at night, CLOISTER HERBAL TEA is Nature's remedy for constipation. Cloister is a mixture of 18 different herbs, each of which has its own distinct action on stomach, intestines, liver and kidneys. Cloister dispels those black-out blues and brings back bounding health and pep. All chemists, 6d. and 1/6.

The
Quick Tonic Action
OF
Dr. Cassells Tablets

Is the secret of These Amazing Experiences

NEAR COMPLETE BREAKDOWN

The man who wrote this letter to us says we shouldn't recognise him now as the man who started taking Dr. Cassells Tablets three weeks ago! That's what happens when Dr. Cassells begin to build up the nerves — they change the whole personality: bring new hope, new interest in life, new HEALTH! This is what Mr. B. of Ilford says: "*I felt very weak and exhausted. Then I went off my food and suffered very badly from nervous headaches. From this it was only a short step to complete breakdown. Then I began to take Dr. Cassells Tablets and the result was amazing — after three weeks you would not have recognised me for the same man.*"

Now — You wouldn't know me for the same man

ANÆMIC, RUNDOWN, NERVY

Too many young women will see in this letter a portrait of themselves — a description of the weakness they feel. But if they take the same steps to get well they'll soon be looking the picture of health! Read what Miss K. W. of London has to say: "*I was run down and nervy and used to feel done. But Dr. Cassells Tablets quickly conquered the trouble and restored me to perfect health. SO AMAZING WAS THEIR EFFECT UPON MY VITALITY THAT THEY INCREASED MY POWERS OF ENDURANCE ONE HUNDRED PER CENT.*"

Now — 100% Better!

Feed your Nerves with

Dr. CASSELLS BRAND TABLETS

EAT BETTER! SLEEP BETTER! FEEL BETTER!

1/3, 3/- and 5/-. Trial size 6d.

The Great Nerve Tonic and Body Builder

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

8/- per month (or about 3d. a day) buys the Graves 'PILGRIM' Cycle with Middlemore's Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chrome Plate, Raised or Drop Handlebars. Ladies' or Gent's with Accessories. Carr. Paid £4:19:6 or 8/- monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer Three-Speed Gear £6:3:6 Terms: 10/3 monthly. Write for Catalogue Free. Ladies', Men's, Juveniles', & Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, Club Models

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD

8/- now

● If you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped, addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query, which should be written in ink. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment

The Last Laugh

The Kid by Lees

FLUFFY (Chester).—"If a girl wants to get married she ought to make up her mind as to what sort of a husband she wants — whether she wants brains, wealth or appearance." The average girl looks for appearance—and the sooner the better.

BERTIE (Luton).—"My girl told me to-day that, despite her wide circle of male friends, she still preferred me, because I've got something the others haven't got." A private income?

H. H. (Gillingham).—"A successful barber must give more than mere service." Yes, winners.

V. B. (Camberwell).—"At my particular job we don't knock off work for a trifle." Street musician?

D. I. (Ipswich).—"I saw my friend out with a girl the other evening, and the next day I heard he was in hospital." Perhaps his wife saw him, too.

T. M. (Halifax).—"I heard that a pilot in my unit was once a circus gymnast." So he still flies through the air with the greatest of ease.

J. N. (Aberdeen).—"I produced my coupon and asked for 1s. 10d. worth of steak, but the butcher wouldn't serve me." He wanted the 1s. 10d. too.

Mrs. H. (Evesham).—"When the doctor gave my small son some vile medicine, he took it like a man." And poured it down the sink?

Miss M. (Thorpe).—"I do my war time knitting in a field as I enjoy the fresh air." And a scarecrow must be handy to help you wind the wool.

DICK (Swanage).—"My pal was in a bad way and wanted to borrow a pound, but I'd only ten shillings in my pocket at the time." Well, you could have loaned him that—he'd have trusted you for the balance, surely?

A. B. (Morden).—"A London bus can be overhauled in just under one hour." Maybe it can, but we would rather walk than chase the darned thing as long as that.

W. S. (Blandford).—"My doctor tells me that some babies are blessed with a high intellect." No doubt. Many a baby pretends to be asleep in order to make its father stop crooning!

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "Slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

WELLS JOURNAL AND SOMERSET AND WEST OF ENGLAND ADVERTISER:—"... Dr. R. G. M——, who presided, agreed that HE was an excellent result."

LANCASHIRE DAILY POST:—"... the deleted PASSENGERS should be placed in the library of the house."

WOLVERHAMPTON EXPRESS AND STAR:—"Before rationing begins all DIVERS will have their tyres inspected and valued."

NORTHERN DISPATCH:—"... refrained from speaking about any German troop movements, but simply referred to AUSTRALIAN divisions in the German Army."

NEWS OF THE WORLD:—"England and Belgium alone have twice as many people to the square INCH as has Germany to-day."

J. M. (Glasgow).—"Bagpipes can actually be played under water." Then why aren't they?

A. K. (Ely).—"I spend several hours a day on the piano." Haven't you got any chairs in your house?

Miss N. (Balham).—"Two men got up and offered me their seats." Why not try dieting?

KEEPER (Regent's Park).—"The bear in captivity is a friendly creature. Never snub him." From most visitors he gets the reverse of a snub.

P. N. (Goring).—"What would happen if the Germans conquered this country?" Well, for one thing they'd probably put an "e" in Goring.

K. P. (Wrexham).—"And in the middle of our quarrel the next-door neighbour threatened to knock my brains out." And did he?

EFFIE (Chatsworth).—"He writes me charming love-letters, but sometimes forgets to stamp the envelopes." The woman always pays.

RECRUIT (Aldershot).—"I maintain that military law gives me the right to tell the sergeant-major off parade just what I think of him." What a pity it doesn't give you the courage as well.

W. G. (Wimborne).—"In these days of digging for victory, there ought to be someone to tell a beginner what to do each day in the garden." There usually is. And she usually does.

F. N. (Chepstow).—"Domestic quarrels are all the same." One day a young husband will strike a new note by declaring that he is going home to father.

R. B. (Taunton).—"I have arranged to sing at a camp concert on June 10." We had no idea that you had to give such a long warning.

TOM (Paignton).—"I'm very envious of a pal of mine. He goes round all day in a motor and always has a pocket full of money." What is he—a bus conductor?

F. F. (Fulbourne).—"When you have finished this letter you will see just what I have done in my life. I am a self-made man, I am proud to say." You knocked off work too soon, laddie.

PRODUCER (London, W.C.2).—"There is no doubt that the stage to-day wants new faces." Sorry we can't help. We've had ours for years.

Mrs. W. (Hatch End).—"What do you think my husband said when a piece of loose plaster fell from the ceiling and hit his head?" "All right, dear, I'll get up"?

T. N. (Winslow).—"The protests about nudity on the London stage seem to be a fuss about nothing." Or very nearly nothing.

The Human Machine

IF you ever read the famous jungle stories by Edgar Wallace, you will remember that when Mr. Commissioner Sanders was sitting grieving over his friend Hamilton, whom he thought murdered, that quaint character, Bosambo, Chief of the Ochori, came to him.

"Lord," he said, "there was a man in the Ochori who had many beautiful gardens filled with wonderful things that you could eat.

"Because one of these gardens was a little hollow, the rain came down one night and the water was so deep that a man could take a canoe and row among the mealie beds.

"And this man was so sorrowful and came so often to watch the pool that all his other gardens died, for the beasts broke through his bad fences, and the weaver-birds took what they liked, because the gardener was looking at the garden that was not, and throwing his face from the garden that was."

"Bosambo," said Sanders, "I think you are wiser than I."

Rousing himself from his brooding, Sanders tackled the job in hand, and found his friend had not been murdered.

The moral of this tale is so plain that there is no need to point it.

Yet how often we need it pointed!

How often we waste our time on useless regret!

Fatalists profess a sterile faith when they say: "What will be, will be."

It stifles hope, rots ambition and denies the merit of individual effort.

But we should say: "What has been, has been," and look out bravely into the future without letting the past chain us to its dead self.

To-morrow is ours.

Why shackle its promise with yesterday?

FORTUNE For 2-3 or 4 Words £450

ONE WEEK ONLY to WIN

"Bullets" 1ST Prize INCREASED YET AGAIN!

Winner's Joy Wire Friday May 10

£160 in added CASH and War BONUSES

£25 £10 £9 £8 £7 £6 £5 10 of £2·10

25 of 10/- 200 [illegible] 5000 "GOOD SHOT" PRIZES

Over £50 ADDITIONAL CASH IN WAR BONUSES

ONE NATIONAL SAVINGS STAMP TO ACCOMPANY EVERY PRIZE THIS WEEK

THIS WAY TO WIN £450 FOR A FEW WORDS

UP yet again goes *Bullets* First Prize—this week to no less a sum than £450 Cash, *the biggest prize which must be won outright in any Competition to-day!*

One of the *Bullets* you enter on a coupon from this page may well prove the First Prize effort, bringing you a thrilling Joy Wire on Friday, May 10. And remember—this One-week Offer of a fortune for a few simple words includes many other substantial cheques and thousands of other awards, all accompanied by a War Savings Bonus.

To make a "Bullet," simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the "Examples" below.

As you will see when you read the winning efforts in our 1,214th Contest on this page, there is nothing beyond you in making a prize *Bullet*. But time is short and you will be wise to start now on the *Examples*, so that you can make certain of posting your £450 *Bullet* on or before Saturday, April 27.

N.B.—Don't miss the Free Gift and Bonus announcements elsewhere on this page.

'BULLETS' 1,214 RESULT

FIRST PRIZE, £200 plus Radio:

Mrs. M. BOURNE, 60, Enderby Road, Perry Common, Birmingham.
Example: SHOULDER TO SHOULDER
Bullet: SPITTING HITLER'S "I'M BIGGEST!"

SECOND PRIZE, £20 plus Blankets:

F. W. BURTON, Swan Tap, Newport Pagnell.
Example: When Telegram Arrived
Bullet: She Knew "Prize" *Lost.*

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Cutlery:

A. A. DURHAM, The Perch, Mitcheldean, Glos.
Example: Our Leaders
Bullet: Good Enough, *Goaded Enough!*

OTHER PRIZES:

£5 plus Hamper: S. HINDLE, 48, Wilmslow Road, Rusholme, Manchester.
Too Many Collisions—Because History's "Mirrors" Ignored.

£4 plus Crockery: A. CHAPMAN, 1, Southville, Garden Road, Cheltenham, Glos.
Shoulder to Shoulder—Finger To Lips—Separate!

£3 plus 10-in-one Library: S. SHIRLEY, Pickford Lane, Disley, Nr. Stockport, Ches.
In The Case of Heathens—Posterity? Our "Message" Deciding.

10 PRIZES OF £2 10s.:

Mrs. B. A. TURRINGTON, 2, Holbrook Street, Hereford.
Shows We're Getting On—Germany's "Neck," Navy's "Grip."

L. H. DOUCH, Farmayne, Broadmayne, Dorset.
German Raiders—Chase Weak—Chased—Strike!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

R. P. DUELL, 23, Cranmere Road, Plymouth.
Baby Lights—"Everything Overboard"
Lighters Out!

C. PERCIVAL, Eco Cinema, Fazakerley.
Too Many Whitehall — "Clothes-props" Left, Right "Line."

Mrs. M. POWELL, 5, Chequers End, Gaddesden Row, Hemel Hempstead.
Shoulder to Shoulder—Whitehall's "Glittering Array" Stills!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

H. T. SMITH, 5, Church Street, Stratton St. Margaret, nr. Swindon.
Shoulder To Shoulder—"Defending" My Coupons, Sausages!

J. H. SWAN, 22, Dartmouth Park Hill, London.
Waste Of Paper—Probably Mrs. Caxton Thought!

W. WALLACE, 58, Knock Eden Park, Rosetta, Belfast.
Use Your Head And—Indignant Gestapo Removes It!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

F. WILLIAMS, Flat 64, Taymount Grange, Queens Road, London, S.E.
Our Sunday Dinner—Too Many *Clerks* Spoiled.

W. H. WITTS, 12, Alton Street, Ross-on-Wye.
German Raiders—"Butchers" "*Sausages*" May "*Sell.*"

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 winners of Surprise Awards can be seen at these offices.

War Savings Bonus accompanies ALL the prizes being despatched this week. As announced, a further 10 prizes of £2 will be despatched to competitors whose sets of four "Bullets" on one coupon showed most all-round merit.

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

THE FOOD PROBLEM
GERMANY'S GAME
LIKE A RAT IN A TRAP
AFTER THE RAID
IN FOR A GOOD TIME
SOMETHING SLIPPED AND

THE TRUTH IS	**TOMMY'S HOME**
DAD'S ROSES	**LEAKAGES**
NOT QUITE	**SINCE THE WAR**
ABOVE ALL	**STALIN WANTS**

HALF THE BATTLE
GRANDPA'S AN OLD SOLDIER, SO
THE LAW'S AN ASS, BUT
MILITARY SECRET
WORTH STUDYING
PEACE OFFENSIVE

Six "Examples" here are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

IN AUNTIE'S .....
KEEPS ..... AWAY
..... OF MY DREAMS
MAN WHO .....
READY TO .....
LOOKING FOR .....

UNLIMITED FREE SAVINGS STAMPS

Prepaid Entry Vouchers at 6d. each are now obtainable from JOHN BULL in batches of 5 for 2s. 6d. P.O.—or 10 for 5s. P.O. No less than 25 per cent. of amount you pay for these Vouchers is refunded to you in FREE National Savings Stamps. Application may be enclosed with *Bullets* or Crossword entry.

You MUST complete this LABEL

to ensure receiving POST-FREE copy of "Bullets" Bulletin dated Sat., May 11.

NAME.....
Full Postal ADDRESS.....
—Clear Block Letters
.....
31

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

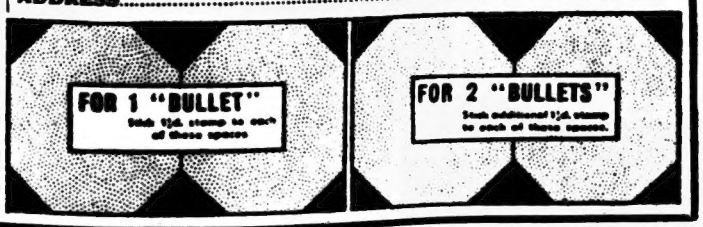
I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose P.O. entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two "Bullets" on this coupon.
P.O. value.....
No.....
Closing postmark (1,218) SAT., APR. 27.

SIGNED.....
ADDRESS.....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(1,218) I agree to enter in accordance with Rules, and enclose
P.O. Value .....
No. .....
If preferred, stamps may be used instead of P.O., in which case firmly affix 1½d. stamps in these spaces at the rate of 3d. for each BULLET submitted.

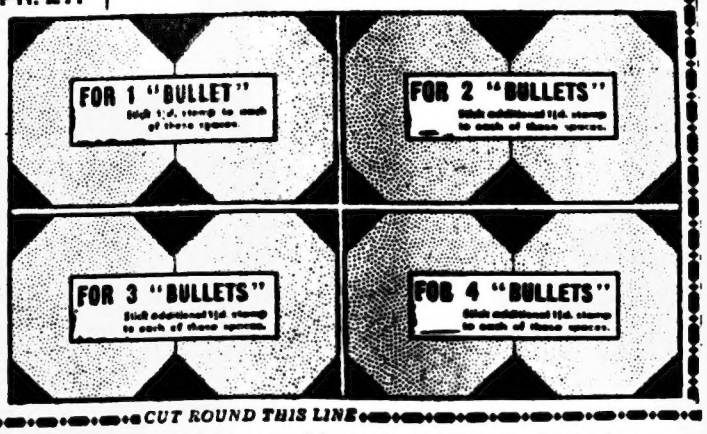
SIGNED.....
ADDRESS.....



STAMPS ENTRY-FEE

If preferred, stamps may be used instead of P.O., in which case firmly affix 1½d. stamps in these spaces at the rate of 3d. for each BULLET submitted.

N.B. — Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on Page 32 may be enclosed with BULLETS: double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword each week.



CUT ROUND THIS LINE

Use Coupon below result for further entries—or plain paper, at same rate of entry-fee.

RULES.—1. First prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best *Bullet* received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every *Bullet* received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Stamps must be stuck or Postal Order enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross & Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

£20 EXTRA CASH BONUSES BEST SETS 4 BULLETS

The 10 entrants for this Contest whose sets of FOUR "BULLETS" on one coupon show most all-round merit will each receive ADDITIONAL £2 CASH.

Don't miss this Fine Opportunity!

ADDRESS ENTRY: "Bullets" No. 1,218, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

How does she keep so Happy Healthy and Slim

EVERY woman wants to look better, to feel better for the brighter months ahead.

Slenderness is the way to perfect health and fitness. A couple of Bile Beans taken regularly enables you to 'slim while you sleep'—surely and safely.

These fine vegetable pills do more than disperse unwanted fat—they purify and enrich the blood, tone up the entire system and improve your health and spirits.

So if you want to be healthily slim and keep gloriously fit, just remember to take Bile Beans each night at bedtime.

"My stage work makes it most important that I take care of my health and appearance. I keep my splendid health and my figure lovely and slim with the aid of Bile Beans. My skin, too, is clearer and fresher and I am ever so fit."—Miss J. R., London, W.1.

* * *

"It's wonderful to feel so happy and well again, and it's all due to Bile Beans. They keep my figure slender and attractive, and I had no hesitation quite recently in entering for a health and beauty competition."—Mrs. F. B. H., Birmingham.

BILE BEANS

BRAND PILLS

Improve Your Health, Your Figure and Vitality

F. 44 | J.B.L.120 | 107 *

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B.224 | A.385